

STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
main, stks 940.9Ei67
Inside Constantinople :



0 0001 00337339 4

IDE
CONSTANTINOPLE
DURING THE
DARDANELLES EXPEDITION

LEWIS EINSTEIN

INSIDE CONSTANTINOPLE

A DIPLOMATIST'S DIARY DURING
THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION

April—September, 1915

BY

LEWIS EINSTEIN

FORMER MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY UNITED STATES DIPLOMATIC SERVICE;
LATE SPECIAL AGENT AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

Published, 1918
BY
E. P. DUTTON & CO.

All rights reserved

Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE

THE writer of this journal had previously resided at Constantinople from 1906 to 1909, during the later years of Abdul Hamid's reign and the period of the Turkish Revolution, first as Secretary, and later as Councillor and Chargé d'Affaires at the American Embassy. He left Constantinople in the autumn of 1909, Turcophile in his sympathies, sharing the enthusiasm of those who had witnessed the downfall of the Hamidian despotism and the birth of what they hoped would be a regenerated Turkey. He was sent there again early in 1915 by the Secretary of State as Special Agent to assist the Ambassador in the protection of the interests of the Entente — for the American Embassy was then in charge of the Allied interests, other than those of Italy, which had not yet entered the war, and Russia, both of which it subsequently assumed. He remained there until September of the same year, when he was sent to Sofia as American Diplomatic Representative in charge of British interests.

For one in official life the keeping of a diary is always a delicate matter. It was only at the inception of the Dardanelles Expedition,

with all its historic promise, that the writer decided to jot down each day's occurrences and reports. The hope that the Golden Horn would then change its masters has not materialized, and few conditions can be conceived more painful than those existing at Constantinople for the many who, like the writer, were of strong Allied sympathy. Yet the record of one who in common with others there lived through anxious days may not be without interest.

The entry of America into the war has removed the impediment to a publication which would otherwise have been impossible before many years. Under existing circumstances, however, it appears an obligation to cast what light one can on German action in Turkey and the revolting crime of the Armenian massacres. If this journal can help in any small degree to fix attention on the sufferings of the Armenian community and the reparation due, it will not have been written in vain.

In reading the pages of this diary practically no corrections have been made. It seemed better to leave this as it was written, with its absence of perspective and even its errors where these have occurred, rather than to recast it in the light of later events. The diarist is rarely able to weigh evidence, and has to include fragmentary and even piecemeal scraps. Much

that may appear irrelevant has been retained on this ground, for even in historic moments life remains a mosaic. The only omissions have been with respect to certain personalities and references likely to be detrimental to those mentioned, most of whom are still in Turkey. These, however, are rarely of a nature to interest the general reader. They concern for the most part Ottoman subjects, and especially Armenians, who were the main sufferers for the Allies' failure at the Dardanelles.

Massacre to the Western mind presupposes an antecedent condition of intense hatred. Those better acquainted with the East know that no such feelings are necessary. There was never less fanaticism than existed between Turk and Armenian in the early spring of 1915. The policy of murder then carried out was planned in the coldest blood. "We fear them," Talaat has said in private talk. "We learned our revolutionary organization from them. They know our secrets." The superior capacity of the Armenians appeared a menace to an organization which can brook no opposition. Yet the massacres might never have occurred without the fatal attack of the Allies on March 18. Until then the nervousness of the Turkish Government, as shown by the preparations made for the transfer to the interior

of Asia Minor, acted as a restraint. Only after the fleet's repulse had instilled belief in the impregnability of the Straits did the Turkish Government dare to begin its fiendish policy of extermination.

The Armenian massacres, which were officially styled deportations, were undertaken under the plea of military necessity. But the military direction was German, and the latter will find it difficult to escape the gravest blame for acquiescence in a crime which far surpasses in its horror even the crime of Belgium. Though in later years German officialdom may seek to disclaim responsibility, the broad fact remains of German military direction at Constantinople, and the intimate association between the two countries during the brief period in which took place the virtual extermination of the Armenian race in Asia Minor.

The writer's stay at Constantinople coincided with these massacres, the full horror of which took time to realize. It coincided also with the entry of Italy into the war, the crises in the Balkans, the inertia at Athens, the ferment at Bucarest, and the desertion of Sofia. And though the Bulgarian barometer fell with the Russian retreat from the Carpathians, Constantinople was still the centre which influenced the Eastern theatre of the war.

CONTENTS

I

APRIL

THE LANDING AT THE DARDANELLES

	PAGE
The E 15—Police seize Toy Soldiers—Enver's Tale— News of the Landing—A Turkish Victory—French Sisters—The First Wounded—The Sultan proclaimed <i>Ghazi</i>	I

II

MAY

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

Turkish Arguments—The Greek Dispute—The Fate of the Convents—The German Ambassador—Turks and Germans—Abdul Hamid in Captivity—Hostages are dispatched—Protection of Interests—The Wounded —Italian Interests—In the Hospitals—Incitement to Murder—Disarming the Christians—The Hostages at Gallipoli—Entente Errors—German Views of the War—Austrians wish for Peace—Germans and India —Armenian Persecution—Eyoub—Talaat and Enver —Turkish Moral—Dum-dums—German Gold ar- rives—Turkish Reinforcements—Pan-Islamism— Daring British Submarine—Loss of the <i>Majestic</i> — Submarine Bases—Bulgaria—Krupp's Workmen arrive—The <i>Agamemnon</i> —German Submarines .	II
---	----

CONTENTS

III

JUNE

BATTLE AND HOPES

PAGE

Orphans expelled—The Balkans prepare—An Old Turk— German Predictions—Turkish Fears—An Armistice —Plans against Suez—The <i>Goeben</i> —Eastern Poetry —A Policy of Ruin—Hindenburg—Enver and the Prisoners—Bulgaria's Attitude—America and the War—Turkish Nervousness—Will America join?— Misery in the Interior—Armenians hanged—Pro- Germans in Greece—Espionage and Murder— Turkish Forces—Anxious Unrest—The Causes of the War—Enver's Career—Expulsions—Fighting at Dardanelles—Operation on the Sultan—Rumours from Sofia—Conditions in Persia—Reports from Dardanelles—News from Bagdad—Desperate Fighting—German Methods—U 51—The Turkish Succession	83
---	----

IV

JULY

NEWS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

American Red Cross—Persecution of Armenians— Military Service Unpopular—Arrival of Munitions —Turkish Finance—Club Elections—Suspensions— The Defences at Gallipoli—Talaat—Christians in the Army—The Grand Vizier—Constructing a Barrage —Torture of Armenians—German Forecasts—The <i>Breslau</i> Injured—Hospital Ships—Balkan Royalties —Prisoners in Hospitals—A Corrupt Judge—Driving
--

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
Allies into the Sea—Situation at Gallipoli—A Destructive Fire—Turkish Resources—Liman von Sanders—Position of Roumania	155

V

AUGUST

BULGARIA DECIDES

Liman remains — Italian Ultimatum — Prince Bur- haneddin—Secret Turkish Plots—More Germans arrive—Armenian Persecutions—Arab Soldiers— The Suvla Landing—Treatment of Prisoners— Massacre of Armenians—Intrigues in Greece— Enver's Optimism—British Prisoners—The Battle of the Marne—Grand Vizier's Predictions—Scarcity of Foodstuffs—Alarm about Bagdad—Departure of the Italians—Russian Difficulties—The Armenian Per- secution—Admiral Souchow—The Turkish Character —The Late Khedive — Russian "Graft" — Travel Difficulties—Situation at Dardanelles—The Case of Ipramazian—Bulgarian Policy	209
--	-----

VI

SEPTEMBER

DISAPPOINTMENTS

Attitude of Bulgaria — Arab Plot — Prisoners — Requisitions—Bedri—Turco-Bulgarian Agreement— Bulgaria's Compensation—Armenian Persecution— Serbia—A Prophecy—Forced Celebration	270
--	-----

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

DURING the early part of 1915 it became increasingly evident that the general military situation offered little hope of early solution. The Russians were still on the lower slopes of the Carpathians, unable to make headway. Italy was wavering in suspense. The Balkans had not yet declared themselves.

The project of the Dardanelles promised to accomplish what was elsewhere impossible. Yet in spite of its brilliant prospects it was less convincing to Athens and Sofia than might have been supposed. At Athens the General Staff's prophecy of failure confirmed its credit with the King in moulding his subsequent policy, while Bulgaria, with fresh experience from the Balkan wars, felt that it lay within her power almost at any time to make the expedition fail or succeed, and shaped her attitude in accordance with the military situation of Russia.

The bombardment of the entrance forts at the Dardanelles, however, threw consternation

into Turkey. The prospective fall of Constantinople was anticipated by both Germans and Turks, and every preparation was made for the immediate evacuation of the capital and the transfer of the seat of government to Eski Chehir, in the interior of Asia Minor. During this period of uncertainty the Germans were especially apprehensive lest the Turks should make a separate peace. Not one of their promises for the conquest of Tiflis, Tabreez, and Cairo had been realized, and Turkish participation in the war had led only to disappointment. The expedition against the Caucasus ended in disaster, and an army perished in its snows. The Turks had reached Tabreez only to be driven out again. The expedition against Egypt narrowly escaped destruction, and the ball which its commander promised to give at Shepherd's hotel was unavoidably postponed. Basrah and Van were lost, and Bulgaria was still a dangerous menace. The credit of the Committee of Union and Progress, which rules Turkey, was then at its lowest ebb. The treasury was empty, the country on the verge of ruin, while everywhere prevailed dissatisfaction of a kind which another reverse might easily have changed into armed revolt.

At this juncture, and just as the situation looked blackest for the clique in power, the

disastrous attempt to force the Straits on March 18 gave it new hope and the much-needed prestige of victory. The damage inflicted by the fleet against the land defences was so trifling¹ that the Turks became confident in the impregnability of the Dardanelles, and a change of attitude on their part, determined by this conviction, was at once noticeable. It was realized that the English forces then on the Islands were insufficient for the military effort demanded by the situation. The Turks, who were bringing up reinforcements from all over the empire as rapidly as their inadequate means of communication permitted, and who were everywhere training fresh levies, felt that each hour that passed increased their strength. Under German direction they set to work to fortify the Straits to resist an attack, the success of which was soon pronounced impossible. Immediately after March 18, when Liman von Sanders assumed command of the mobile defences at the Dardanelles, he declared that in ten days' time he could make these impregnable, and instead five weeks' delay was allowed him to complete his preparations.

During those five weeks, which the expeditionary force spent mainly in Egypt, much

¹ The report that the ammunition of the forts was nearly exhausted after this attack is almost certainly without foundation.

uncertainty prevailed at Constantinople as to their intentions, and many believed that the project against the Straits had been definitely abandoned. The landing took by surprise those who were not in the confidence of the military, and even these did not anticipate its date. The writer's narrative begins just before it occurred, and opens with an account of the capture of the crew of an English submarine, the E 15, which had run aground in a plucky attempt to force the Straits.

INSIDE CONSTANTINOPLE

I

APRIL

THE LANDING AT THE DARDANELLES

April 23.—Since Eddies' wire came I have tried my best to see F. and the other survivors of the E 15, but it is impossible, and even the fact that they are here has been difficult enough to find out. At the War Office no one save Enver dares take the slightest responsibility, and the latter is hardly ever there. He is at the Palace, or on manœuvres or on some inspection, and things are at a standstill while he is away. He is no longer the modest young officer fresh from Macedonia I knew in 1908, who blushed professionally when praised as a "hero of liberty." The Bulgarian Minister calls him "the Prophet of the Prophet," and on either side of his desk at the War Office hang portraits of Napoleon and Frederick the Great!

2 LANDING AT DARDANELLES

The Germans, however, have charge of all the technical departments, which fortunately for the Turks run smoothly. "Deutschland über Allah" they say here. There may be a reason why no one is allowed to see the prisoners. Report has it that they sank the *Torgout Reis* and ran ashore on the way out, but this I know to be untrue. P., the former Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles, who was captured with them, is to be tried as a spy, convicted, sentenced to death, and then pardoned at the last moment.¹ The Turks did not at once realize that the E 15 had run aground. They opened fire, and one of the first shots struck the conning tower and cut the commanding officer in two, the lower part of his body falling at P.'s feet. Another shell burst in the ammonia tank and fumes asphyxiated six sailors; the others jumped overboard. When the Turks saw these swimming they went to their rescue at no little risk, for the current was running strong. The English dead were buried on the beach; but as soon as Djevad Pasha, the commandant, heard of this, he gave orders that they be reinterred in the British cemetery, and a service said over their remains. The prisoners have, so far, been well treated. Djevad said they were fighting for their country, and

¹ This idea was later abandoned.

all he hoped was that if he or any of his men fell into the Allies' hands they would be equally well cared for. The German officers have been appreciative of the attempt to blow up the E 15. They recognized it as a very plucky enterprise. "I take off my hat to the English Navy," one of them declared.

I hear that a battery of howitzers which was used by the Turks in the Suez campaign is now at the Dardanelles. The Adrianople forts have long ago been stripped of their guns to send there.

April 24.—The Director of the Bon Marché called here this morning at the Embassy. The police entered his premises yesterday and seized some French toy soldiers. To-day he was asked to sign a paper by which he acknowledged that French uniforms, flags, and military emblems had been found in his possession. Word will be sent to Bedri¹ not to allow his men to make themselves ridiculous. When I mentioned it at dinner at the C.'s, Munir Bey flared up and said it was impossible.

I have just heard that my old Turkish master, G. Bey, is editing their news bulletins of victory. He is a strong Committee man now. Once he told me that the Committee and their enemies were "Tous les deux des

¹ The Chief of Police.

4 LANDING AT DARDANELLES

canailles," and wept at his country's misfortunes.

April 25.—The Russians bombarded the Bosphorus forts this morning. Shells fell as far as Beicos and Buyukdere, and an Italian steamer lying off the quay had a narrow escape. The bombardment was distinctly heard here and the windows rattled in the houses near the German Embassy. In the afternoon word came of the bombardment at the Dardanelles and that the Allies were landing. Yet Pera wears its customary Sunday appearance of crowded streets. There are no details and only rumours. There have been wholesale arrests of Armenians—several hundreds are being deported to Angora and Konia.

Returning to the chancery in the evening I learned that some of the French sisters of the Rue Tamtam and Kadikeui had been driven out by the police.

Too many events for one day, one's head is a jumble.

April 26.—I went to see the Mother Superior of the Convent. The Turkish police, led by an Imam who is also deputy from Castamouni, entered the Convent premises the day before, and ordered every one out. The girls were not even allowed to take their nightdresses, and though their table was set

they could not remove their knives and forks. The Mother Superior, a quiet Frenchwoman, related the incident very calmly. She told me they were gradually being stripped of their means of livelihood. Their school had first been taken and the Turks were now collecting the rent of the shops below which belonged to their endowment. I promised to see Shukri¹ about it, but gave little encouragement. Passing by I stopped at the Austrian Embassy and had a chat with T. on his favourite topic—the supposed imbecility of the English in making war. He seems excited whenever he alludes to it, though he calls himself a former Anglo-phil.

No news as yet from the Dardanelles, but there is an ill-suppressed restlessness.

April 27.—The Sultan's accession day.—Enver told every one at the Palace that not a single ally was left on the Asiatic side. There are everywhere reports of their complete defeat at the Dardanelles. Ten thousand killed, thirty thousand prisoners it is said. No one believes in Turkish victories, but still one feels horribly blue. I went to the Dutch Legation "at home" to see the military attachés, who knew as little as the rest. Colonel M. was told at the German Embassy that the

¹ The Minister of Public Instruction.

6 LANDING AT DARDANELLES

Allies had raised the white flag and all was over. One feels depressed. It is sickening to think of all the loss of life for nothing—some one has blundered. The English have here all along. After the Revolution they held Turkey in their hands, but refused to make friends with the Committee and allowed the Germans to capture this; they erred over Adrianople, during the second Balkan War, when Asquith declared the Turks would not be allowed to stay there, and last August when they seized the two Turkish Dreadnoughts, and the money with them, instead of sending them here under British officers to control the Straits. When they let in the *Goeben*, and the fleet failed to follow and sink her in the Dardanelles. When they did not deliver an ultimatum to Turkey to dismiss the German officers and crew. Then they blundered when they did not attack the Dardanelles while the forts were still unprepared, but waited till March 18, and allowed the Turks time to strengthen the defences. The upshot of it all lies in this tragedy. When Liman von Sanders left for the Dardanelles he said that in ten days he would make these impregnable, and instead he was given more than a month. The Grande Rue was thronged with the usual crowd indifferent to victory or defeat. There are flags

everywhere—by police order. The Sultan has just been made *Ghazi*.¹

I hear that the Germans, who were worried enough on Sunday and even Monday, are now certain of victory. They have given out that it was complete and all was over.

April 28.—H.'s birthday. We are too depressed to celebrate. Captain W. has just returned from the Dardanelles. He gave his word not to let out anything until he returned to America. He had witnessed the entire bombardment, but only knew of the land fight from hearsay. He had seen some French colonial infantry brought in after an eighteen-mile march. He spoke in the highest terms of Djevad Pasha, who is in command of the forts. Usedom and Mertens are his advisers, while Liman commands the field army. The relations between Germans and Turks he found friendly, and came back much impressed by the excellence of the dispositions. He had witnessed one submarine fight where an English boat passed the minefields, but fired its torpedoes without success. He thought the fighting had finished by a complete repulse. There are rumours to the contrary. At the Club I asked General P. whether it was all over, but he pleaded ignorance. I saw N., who

¹ The title of conqueror.

told me positively that the Russians landed this morning at Midia! The Greek waiter who heard it was crazy with joy. It is hard to control one's excitement. The Turks admitted that their only danger lay in a double simultaneous attack. Helene rushed off to tell Mrs. J., depressed by the other news. I brought the report to the Embassy, but on inquiring from Enver I learn that there is no truth in it. At the Dardanelles they still are fighting at the point. The complete victory of the day before was manufactured for the Sultan's accession day. What the real situation is we do not know and may not for days. In the evening B. brings in word that a huge allied force holds the two points—Seddulbahr and Kumkaleh.

April 29.—They are still fighting, and the Turco-German accounts of complete victory were at least premature. It is amusing to see how they juggle their bulletins, which are vague enough to admit of anything. The Turks have arrested the managers of the *Bon Marché* and "Baker's" for not illuminating to celebrate the Sultan's accession day. Bedri intends to bring both before the military court-martial, and is very obstinate about it. Two French priests are still in prison awaiting trial. They are charged with having concealed writing under the postage stamps—a lie no doubt.

April 30.—Went to the French convent to inform them of my talk with the Minister of Public Instruction. Shukri is responsible for their persecution. The sisters told me that the ruffians proceeded with their inventory in the very room where a nun lay dying. Since the police have entered, the sisters no longer enjoy privacy, outside their own rooms. Walking back through Galata I saw troops returning from the Selamlik, the first after the Sultan's proclamation as Ghazi. How many more Selamlis will there be at Santa Sophia!

At tea at the Swedish Legation I had a long talk with the Persian Ambassador, who told me he would not permit the use of Turkish at his Embassy. He wanted to preserve the Persian tongue. "*Je suis fanatique sur cela.*" He is closer to Europe than to Turkey. Discussed the inevitable Dardanelles with Colonel M. We can only make surmises. He thinks it a mistake to have made the chief landing at Kaba Tepe¹ instead of Seddulbahr—far more costly in men and counter attacks more likely to succeed as the flanks cannot be protected. Still, if the Allies have already maintained themselves five days the balance is likely to incline in their favour. Colonel M. walked

¹ Anzac.

back with me to the Embassy, and while chatting with him at the gate, tramcars full of wounded passed before us. Two transports have arrived with three thousand wounded from the Dardanelles.

II

MAY

ITALY ENTERS THE WAR

May 1.—Busy with the Armenian matter. The Allies' repulse on March 18, precipitated the crisis. The Patriarch has interested the Italians as well as Washington in his people. Here as elsewhere the Government seems bent on breaking the last remnants of political opposition. They have crushed the Turkish opposition, they expelled the Greeks, and now is the Armenians' turn—and all this while the Empire is threatened on every side. This mixture of unconsciousness, calm confidence, brutality and cruelty is extraordinary. At the Club the men who govern gamble daily: Talaat plays poker and the Grand Vizier billiards; while the Allies have landed at the Dardanelles, and in spite of official bulletins are said to be making headway.

The Embassy is besieged by monks and nuns, and my hands are full with French relief.

In the evening a most excellent dinner at the P.'s. Hakki was there sleek and redolent from Berlin, looking more like a German banker than a former Grand Vizier. I should have liked to ask him about his interview in London last August when he said that Turkey would never be idiotic enough to go to war with England.

E. Bey spoke to me about Armenian revolutionary propaganda here. Were he an Armenian he said he might have done the same. I showed him how impossible it was, and he finished by practically admitting this. But even the most intelligent of them are carried away by the last talker. His wife is charming, though it is odd enough to see a Turkish lady dining out. It would not have been possible before.

Djevad¹ took me aside to complain about the fanaticism of Englishmen like B. and F. The latter, he said, liked only the old-fashioned Anatolian Turk, who said his prayers five times a day and turned to Englishmen for all advice. He thought the British made a great mistake not to work with the Committee—with all its faults it had energy and power, and a country like Turkey was not ripe for party government. With only a little skilful handling

¹ A Turkish diplomatist.

Turkey could have been so easily in British hands—quite true to my mind. After all, the Turks prefer the English to other foreigners. I told him that the Young Turk treatment of Greeks and Armenians had given great offence. He asked why this could not have been overlooked in the same way as London overlooked Russians' atrocities in Persia. He had been much impressed when, after every kind of horror, Grey declared he was without information on the subject. Djevad gave the usual Turkish argument for the war—the necessity of seizing the opportune moment to fight Russia, and also to wipe out the stigma of the Balkan War. I asked what Turkey would gain from it. "Nothing," he said. "All we ask of Germany is that she should not be beaten."

May 2.—The Russians are having their usual Sunday morning bombardment of the Bosphorus, and I was asked not to go with the launch in that direction. But it had sprung a leak, and instead we went to Haidar Pasha. From there we drove up to Boulgourlu through the cypresses of the Scutari cemetery. A filthy old Turk served coffee and loucoums on the crest while we watched the distant smoke of the bombardment rising from the Black Sea so peaceably it was hard to believe in war.

On our return we passed numbers of recruits near the Haidar Pasha Station—the usual stocky and stolid Anatolian peasants, a column of whom swung along in their peasant dress. The whole district is now an armed camp, and across the bay at Kadikeui more men were drilling.

Returning to Galata I visited the English hospital where wounded had been brought from the Dardanelles. A doctor there told me at least ten thousand came in during the last two days, and more were arriving. Those I saw were mainly Arabs from the Aleppo Vth Corps. They looked well fed and in good condition. The wounds were mostly from bullets, though at the Russian hospital they are all from bayonets.

I spoke with one young officer who had been shot in the foot. He knew a little French, and said the Allies had many good cannon and maxims. But I did not like to press questions, for they have been ordered to keep silence. The men are docile as lambs—like good children, the doctor said—few people when left to themselves are as submissive as the Turk.

Enver has declared that in a day or two the Allies would be driven into the sea, but complained of their bombarding Gallipoli and other unfortified places, and said that if this

did not cease the French and English here would all be interned there to share the same risks as the non-combatant population. He would wait till Thursday for a reply. This is of a piece with Djemal's brutality in Syria, and after what took place at Smyrna, where the same thing was done, they are quite capable of carrying it into effect.

At dinner I spoke with N. of Greek affairs and how right Venizelos had been. Greece entering a month ago would have enjoyed a privileged position; now, if she comes in, it will be with the crowd. Z., although himself a Venizelist, thought the latter made three grave errors—first in resigning, then in not supporting a Zaimas Cabinet which he could have controlled, and lastly in his altercation with the King and Gounaris. The latter, goaded by the Venizelist press with charges of being in the pay of Germany, retorted by saying that, unlike others, he had never been ready to give up national territory. Venizelos then published his memorials to the King, as the latter would not acknowledge his own readiness to cede Cavalla. The whole affair is sad for the Greeks. As usual they are divided when the country most needs unison.

May 3.—Called on Shukri on behalf of the French sisters. He is a fanatical atheist of

the worst kind, and told me frankly that he was trying to get every monk and nun out of the country, and could not understand why they would not take the hint. "We Turks are regarded as barbarians by you all," he remarked to me. I answered that we had never treated them as such, and that under the old regime tolerance and hospitality had been their boast. As a well-wisher of Turkey I could not understand how by making war on women in an era of liberty and progress, they did what an age of tyranny had never contemplated. He replied that their faults were the same as before, while their former chivalry was disappearing. The cynicism he gets from Talaat—I never saw the latter so pleased as when called a "devil" to his face. Shukri is more pig-headed and less intelligent than his master whom he tries to imitate. He wants to get hold of the foreign schools—palaces he calls them—and will hesitate at nothing. The war offers an excuse to seize the French properties. Meanwhile he prides himself on moderation. In Germany and Austria, he said, not an uninterned belligerent remains, and all their property has been destroyed! Toward us he justified his measures by citing lynch law! It is now a toss up if the schools are to serve for Turkish pupils or wounded. I rather fancy the

latter. Enver, so Shukri said, wishes to utilize the sisters as nurses. I told him the wounded had a prior claim to everything, but if he turned out the orphans simply to make room for Moslem pupils he was doing something which would everywhere be condemned. At last he consented to the sisters accompanying the orphans if the latter are removed. Leaving Shukri I hurried over to warn the Mother Superior of what she might expect. It was bad news, though she cherished few hopes of the occupied quarters being restored, but she took it with calm and dignity. It seemed kindest to forewarn her, in order that they might make preparations for departure, instead of being taken unawares. They may now be expelled any day. Their present convent was taken over to-day, and the larger French schools are already full of wounded.

We have been asked not to go out without our identification cards. The Roumanian Minister was roughly handled at Kavak by the police, who took him for a French shoemaker until a stranger recognized him. The Porte is of course apologetic. Mano,¹ who has a horror of anything approaching an incident, tried to deny it. Oddly enough, a similar thing happened to the R.'s. The Princess was seen

¹ The Roumanian Minister.

reading a number of the *Gaulois* on board a "Shirket," when a passenger asked permission to borrow it for a moment. A spy who saw this had her arrested by the police, and she had to explain who she was to be released.

All the French and English here have been summoned by the police to be ready on Thursday to go to Gallipoli for exposure to the bombardment. The Embassy has been full of them. One came last night in terror, sobbing with fear. M. called him a "cringing cur" to his face for his pains, and told him he would have to take his chance with the rest. He spoke of his ailments, but was cut short by M., who said he knew perfectly well he had spent five weeks at the hospital to avoid being sent to a concentration camp.

At the Club I saw the Grand Vizier, who looked like the Mongol Princes at Peking, important as always. He is the only one in this Government who is a gentleman. He is rather a pompous little man who speaks as if he ruled the Empire, where he is only a figure-head, ignores business, and takes his orders from Talaat. He insists on all the Turks wearing the fez in the Club-rooms, much to their disgust, and though he speaks English perfectly parades Orientalism and hatred of the foreigner. I talked with M. Pasha, the

Circassian prince, who is far more sympathetic. He did not seem pleased over the Dardanelles, and rather avoided any discussion. The Grand Vizier, who is always cocksure, tells every one that final victory there is certain within a couple of days, but few believe it. Shortly before I came Wangenheim¹ entered the card-room, and without further ado made an auctioneer's speech, saying that the victory in Galicia was the greatest in history. The Russian army had been completely annihilated. He always advertises every success like a patent medicine. It impresses the Turks! Last night vain efforts were made to interest him in the fate of the English and French hostages. He acknowledged that two British submarines had entered the Marmora, which probably means four. As they received supplies from some of the Greek inhabitants of the islands, the entire population was to be summarily expelled. Henceforth they threaten to put subjects of the belligerent powers on every transport. I rather fancy that the report of some of these being sunk is true.

The Russians have again bombarded Kavak.

May 4.—The Embassy is full of excited French and English, the latter mostly Maltese, terrified by the prospect of going to Gallipoli.

¹ The German Ambassador.

Some are in tears, fearing they will never return. The whole town is very excited.

Returning from lunch we met Hu. at Lebon's, breakfasting over his usual bottle of champagne; and Helene, misled by his French, spoke hopefully of the Allies' victory without realizing that all his interest lay with the Germans. At the Willebois' I talked of the schools with Monsignor Dolce, the Apostolic Delegate, and Mons. Pompili, his coadjutor. They are devising a plan to save these by offering them for the use of the wounded. Mons. Dolce told me he had visited the Red Crescent headquarters where forty Turkish ladies worked without their veils. I walked back with G., who has the shrewd common sense and simplicity one so often finds in Italians. His phraseology always amuses me. When he spoke of the Roumanians going to war, he said they reminded him of those choruses at the opera, singing, "Partiamo, Partiamo," but never leaving. Without idealism or lofty views, he has very real kindness.

In the evening Pa. came here to play bridge. He had been responsible for the Liman von Sanders incident at the American Embassy dinner. As the dinner was a mammoth one, Liman was somewhere near the foot of the table, and vented his anger on Pa., who had

seated the guests. He pretended to come immediately after the Ambassadors. This no one would admit, least of all the Turks. His chief indignation came from being seated after Enver, who, though his junior, is none the less Minister of War.

May 5.—A deputation of Turkish ladies visited the *Goeben* lying at Stenia, and asked why a German ship remained calmly there, when their own husbands, sons and brothers were in the firing line. The supposed Russian aeroplane which flew over Chichli on Sunday was Turkish. The Turks brought it down with their fire, and killed their own best aviator as well as a German officer. Both were given a splendid funeral yesterday, the wings of the aeroplane being placed on their coffins. They only have three other aeroplanes.

More wounded are coming here, but their *moral* and condition is far better than during the Balkan War.

Troops are also leaving for the Dardanelles. I saw a battalion march by yesterday, chanting an Eastern dirge. They have been taught to sing by the Germans. The men were not very young, and their uniforms were of ancient pattern and somewhat shabby. The best troops have already gone.

I saw Ahmed Riza in the Grande Rue, but

in his own interest avoided him. He is the last survivor of the original Paris band of Young Turks, now old, and out of sympathy with those in power, and the only one who, in the Senate, has dared to criticize the Committee. But his opposition is without sting. He is still the same honest visionary as before. When he called the other day, he told me the United States ought to stop the war. I asked what should be done with Belgium, to which he answered, that its sovereignty must be restored and its neutrality guaranteed!

Street encounters here are dangerous. Not long ago I met Serafimow, the Russian Secretary left behind. We talked together only for a few moments, but it was at once reported to the German Ambassador. Everything is immediately distorted, and there are spies everywhere, especially around the German Embassy. In what is called society, four ladies were mentioned to me as indulging in this pastime. The German Ambassador admittedly pays for every bit of information, whether it is of value or not, to encourage the trade.

[S. Bey, who lunched here to-day, called this a reign of terror, and it is, especially so for the Turks. People are brought up before the military court-martial without knowing

their offence. They cannot have a lawyer, the trial is secret, and they have no opportunity of refuting the charges. Most Turks are very pessimistic over the future, and dread the ruin which the Committee had brought on the land, but few express themselves openly as he. He is the same charming type of old Turk, witty and delicate. From him I heard of Abdul Hamid, who is a prisoner at Beylerbey. Although seventy-four years of age he is in good health and spirits, and keeps up his abstemious habits, rising very early, and living mainly on a milk diet. His daughters visit him regularly, and all his gaolers are devoted to him, for he was always personally kind, but he is not allowed to see his sons. His former favourite son, Burhan-Eddin, left the other day for Berlin. Before going he called on the Sultan, who made him a present of only £50, much to his disgust. His first idea was to give it to the servants, but concluded that, as these were hard times, it was best to swallow pride.

All day the Embassy was besieged with French and English begging not to be sent to Gallipoli. Enver refuses to rescind the order. He gave the usual German arguments against British inhumanity, and how the English always trampled on the rights of every one.

He declared that as the order had already been communicated to the army, right or wrong, it would be fatal to discipline if it should be cancelled now. He would, however, limit the number of British and French to fifty between the ages of twenty to forty. Pending the receipt of the British and French Governments' reply they would be kept on board a boat.

If the answer did not prove satisfactory they were to be landed, and so long as the other non-combatants remained there, they would have to take their chances with them.

I had to inform Wangenheim of this, and found him playing bridge at the Club. It is odd that a man with so many responsibilities should yet spend a few hours daily at cards. He promised to assist in cancelling the order, but only spoke to the Grand Vizier, which, as he knew, was worse than useless.

It is hard to know exactly what Wangenheim's relation is with Berlin. He was one of those summoned at the famous council, held early last July, when the Emperor turned to all the different leaders and captains of industry, and asked them if they were ready for war. When asked if he could deliver Turkey, Wangenheim gave every assurance. Was it wise or an error? All will depend on the

Dardanelles. Weitz, the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who has enjoyed for many years an exceptional and privileged position at the German Embassy, and is one of its leading intermediaries with the outer world, whose echoes he brings back, told me that if Marschall had been Ambassador, Turkey would not have gone to war, as mobilization would have answered their needs. Wangenheim and even Liman were both against it, for they realized that Turkey was the weakest link in their chain, and might prove a boomerang, but the orders came from Berlin when things were not looking well for the Germans.

Thus far Wangenheim has scored with the Turkish successes, and the Germans here back him for next Chancellor. He is cunning, and politically unscrupulous. He boasts that one must be ready to sacrifice not only life, but honour, for one's Sovereign. He has a musical strain running through his nature which, under other circumstances, would have made him a great artist. As an Ambassador he lacks dignity. He is far too nervous, mercurial, and journalistic in his methods. Solely keen to please the Emperor he lacks the rugged independence which made Baron Marschall's boorishness respectable. At the Embassy

Garroni,¹ Willebois,² and Koloucheff³ came in for news of the hostages. Garroni thought the reduced numbers demanded fairly satisfactory, and that once down at Gallipoli the order might be rescinded. Koloucheff professed indignation about sending British and French "to be killed," as he put it.

He too had just been to see Enver, who told him the Dardanelles were strewn with dead. On Monday the English had advanced to within two miles of Maidos, but were driven back to the shore. At Kumkaleh the stiffest kind of fighting had taken place. Enver acknowledged that of a Turkish division only 160 men and 8 officers were left, but was confident of driving out the Allies in another week's time. The losses had been enormous—45,000 on the Turkish side—and the wounded are being sent as far as Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse. Koloucheff thought there could be little left of the Allied forces, and the attack was doomed to failure, but I pointed out that their superiority of artillery probably weighed heavily against the Turks. I am under the impression that the latter possess few machine guns. The question will, I fancy, resolve

¹ The Italian Ambassador.

² The Dutch Minister.

³ The Bulgarian Minister.

itself into one of munitions. The Turks are supposed to be badly in want of these for any prolonged operations, though ships have lately come in with supplies, from the Black Sea. It is odd that the Russians should not exert greater vigilance.

The Turks are very nervous about Italy, and so is Wangenheim. I am ignorant of what they know, and the Italians here remain uninformed. No telegrams have come in. N. believes mobilization imminent, and to-morrow intends sending me his trunk of valuables for safe keeping.

May 6.—I went down to see the hostages off for Gallipoli. A crowd was assembled on the wharf, and women and men implored us to get their sons released. In the Custom House fifty French and English were herded together. One or two were sobbing. Their nerve had left them. P. accompanies them. Our two newspaper men who also go with them were in high glee. They had been at Neuve Chapelle and at Mulhouse on the German side, and had already seen a good deal of the war, and even been arrested as supposed spies. Wigram, the English parson, insisted on going along.

Bedri, who had made all the arrangements, was on hand. The roll-call was read and the

men embarked in the small tug, on which they are being sent to Gallipoli. A certain number of substitutes had also been herded together, but these were released.

Returning to the Embassy, I saw a transport bearing off laden with soldiers who shouted the usual Padishah cheers.

Liman has asked for 50,000 reinforcements, but they can only dispatch 30,000. The wounded are coming in daily; yesterday they requisitioned the three Greek schools, and are already talking of using the Pera Palace Hotel. Z. asked if we would live in his house. He is afraid they may want it for the wounded, and also the new law against weapons in private possession gives pretext for interfering with every one. I was offered two houses at Moda this morning, also various servants and horses, by people who dreaded lest their possessions should be seized.

After lunch we visited the old palace at Seraglio Point. A Turk offered flowers with unsurpassed grace. I shall regret the Turks if the Russians come. The palace is such a bit of the Orient with its marble balustrades, marble fountains, and marble pavements.

In the evening the Turks are elated by reports of victory. They have taken 200 rifles and a few machine guns. What have they

lost? Rumour puts it at between 50,000 and 60,000. I hear that a few thousand caught by the Allies near Seddulbahr wanted to surrender. An English officer who went to negotiate was shot by the Germans who were with the Turks. When the latter finally surrendered the four Germans were summarily hanged. Is it true?

There are rumours of another Black Sea fight, and the sound of cannon was heard. The *Goeben*, *Breslau* and *Hamidié* went out this morning so it is not unlikely.

May 7.—We have been making arrangements for the reception of the Italians here, if Italy goes to war. There are 12,000 at Constantinople, and the Embassy is sure to be overrun by them. Wangenheim gave out some time ago that they would be treated not as belligerents, but as traitors, and he will doubtless try to make it hot.

Serafimow, the Russian Secretary, leaves with the Italian Embassy when they go. It would have been difficult to keep him, as he is Wangenheim's *bête noire*. I shall have my hands full when the moment comes. Wangenheim has complained that I was anti-German, and word had come to him both from the Grand Vizier and Talaat that I was anti-Turk. He himself is doubtless at the bottom of the intrigue.

After lunch we went to the hospitals to see the Turkish wounded, where Helene distributed *loucoums*. This morning she gave them roses which they appreciated. One poor devil who was shot through the back cannot recover. He told Helene he was in the hands of Allah, and ready for his fate. They are all resigned; it is the foundation of their moral training. Even a Parisianized Egyptian like Izzet told me this afternoon he was a fatalist.

May 8.—The usual rumours are about, one that Liman von Sanders has been killed, but I do not believe it. Wangenheim called on M. at the Embassy actually jubilant to announce the sinking of the *Lusitania*! If, as is probable, American lives have been lost, it will cause a storm of indignation at home, and even munitions in the cargo will not palliate the offence.

There are rumours of general massacre in case of defeat. The committee has often threatened to raze the city to the ground before they go, but I think it bluff. If they are defeated they are far more likely to be meek. Many others believe differently, and there is a good deal of apprehension. There always is here. One high foreign personage regards himself as a hero whenever he visits Enver in his private house and escapes the sack in the Bosphorus.

We have just returned from a round to the hospital to visit the wounded. I found a French soldier who has been brought in wounded and exhausted after a week's privation. The French sisters call him a Swiss. One Turkish officer who was suffering great pain complained that he had been shot by a dum-dum bullet. Captain W. spent some time trying to convince him of the contrary, but in vain.

Toward evening, the two managers of the Bon Marché called at the Embassy to thank M. for their release by the court-martial after ten days passed in prison for not illuminating on the Sultan's accession day. They were well treated, however, and had no complaint to make. Talaat instructed the court-martial to acquit them.

Enver now says, that if there is no further bombardment of Gallipoli the hostages may return by Tuesday. Meanwhile he refuses all individual permissions for departure from here, even in the case of a man of eighty. Unlike Talaat he never makes exceptions.

To-day we moved into the Z. house. They regretted us at the Pera Palace. The Director is afraid it will be turned into a hospital, for wounded keep on arriving daily from the Dardanelles.

May 9.—On my way to the Embassy, trams full of wounded passed me. The British Government's reply about the hostages has come. It is as expected. If any harm befall a British subject, Enver, Prince Said Halim, and the entire Cabinet will be held responsible.

The streets are full of people carrying weapons to the police stations, for the new law requiring denunciation calls for the death penalty. People live in terror of the authorities, and the authorities in terror of the people.

To-day the *Tanine* began the first of a series of sensational revelations. An alleged plot hatched between Kitchener and Venizelos, the cavass of the Greek Legation, and the Armenians, with a sprinkling of well-known Turkish conspirators like Sherif and Sabaheddine. The English Government is charged with offering a reward of £20,000 for the murder of Talaat. Thanks to the sharpness of the Chief of Police, Bedri, the plot was thwarted. Some of the junior officials at the Greek Legation are mentioned by name as implicated. For the present they have merely pounced on the Armenians.

Reliable news is so scanty, one cannot tell what is happening, but there are too frequent reports of massacres in the interior not to contain some truth. Wholesale expulsions are of

daily occurrence. The Italian Consul is telling all his countrymen to leave here as soon as possible. But though war seems imminent, at the Embassy they know nothing, and the only information comes from Naby's¹ dispatches from Rome to the Porte. The Italians are said to be concentrating troops at Brindisi for an expedition here, and the Turks have implored Vienna to yield on all points to Italy. They cannot give too much. Their recent success in Galicia will have made them more stubborn, and the Russians more conciliatory, and willing now to acquiesce in Italian ambitions in the Adriatic.

In the afternoon I met Garroni and took him out driving toward the Sweet Waters. He was frankly indignant over the *Lusitania*, and certain it would create an enormous impression in Italy. He told me that he had been directly approached, to find out to whom Italian interests would be entrusted in case of war, and he was glad to be able to reply that he had received no instructions, though it would undoubtedly be us.

As I should have personal charge of the matter, he asked me to beware of those who exploited their Italian nationality to obtain pecuniary relief.

¹ The Turkish Ambassador at Rome.

Returning to the Embassy I found Pallavicini.¹ The latter was there to ask if we had taken over Italian interests! He acknowledged that if the Italians sent 100,000 men and the Greeks a couple of divisions the Dardanelles would fall.

After the German boasts of impregnability this comes as the first admission. Enver, apparently, is furious at the English for their stubbornness in continuing the attack. Had it been the French alone, he thinks they would long ago have desisted.

Z. has received a wire from his father, that war was probable, and directing him to leave at once.

If Greece falls into line now it will be a great vindication for Venizelos. But the Chargé d'Affaires, who dined with us last night, had heard nothing.

May 10.—The *Breslau* left this morning with its funnels painted white. In the afternoon came a report that the *Goeben* had sunk the Russian flagship. The Grand Vizier announced it officially to his callers, and said the news had been confirmed, but at the Club Wangenheim knew nothing, and it turns out to be the usual canard. The want of munitions is beginning to be felt. They are ransacking the arsenals,

¹ The Austrian Ambassador.

and hauling out old supplies of doubtful value. Meanwhile we are without news from the Dardanelles save the usual Turkish victories, but even these have reduced their proportions, and the last is satisfied with the capture of a thousand shovels. The Grand Vizier declared to-day the Allies deserved to be put in a mad-house for their folly!

Wounded are still coming in, and this morning their number here is estimated at 17,000. They have requisitioned all the Greek hospitals, and when the latter could contain no more they were told to turn out their own sick. Also having no more cotton the Turks requisitioned all they could lay hands on, and forced the Greeks to buy it from them for their own wounded. They did the same with sugar.

Mrs. M. went to see a few English prisoners at the Gulhané hospital—stokers from the E 15. But she only saw them for a minute, as the German doctor frightened her by saying that relief to the English, who were enemies, would be badly regarded by the Turks who were themselves in want of everything.

Arrant and cruel nonsense, for the Turk is indulgent enough when not goaded by the Germans—who have tried their utmost to make them maltreat the English. Mrs. M., who is kindness itself, was very upset.

The M.'s and G. dined with us, the latter very pensive and unhappy at the prospect before Italy. He has been against war from the start, but now regards it as inevitable. N. Bey came in afterward. He too is sad. "*Pauvre Turquie qu'est ce qu'elle deviendra.*" He thought Italy was right to enter, from her point of view, but dreaded the complications resulting.

I hear that Turkish officers were seen to-day at Stamboul in handcuffs.

May 11.—Z. left this morning for Athens. He did not want his departure known, being nervous lest at the last moment the Turks would not let him leave.

All the Greeks are very apprehensive, but hopeful of the end, and determined to go through anything if need be. The train was crowded, I hear. Little by little, the place is emptying of all save those who must remain.

We have received an incendiary proclamation on the Holy War, circulated by Germans at Aleppo, and intended to provoke a massacre of Christians. The Vali was ready to punish those responsible for it, until he heard they were Germans, when he suddenly became meek. A German woman was, it seems, most ardent in circulating it. Every Moslem is urged to kill at least three or four of the ruling

infidels, English and French. One passage reads as follows:—

“The killing of the infidels who rule over the Islamic lands has become a sacred duty, whether it be secretly or openly. To whoever kills even one single infidel of those who rule over Islamic lands, either secretly or openly, there is a reward like a reward from all the living ones of the Islamic World.

“And let every individual of the Muslims, in whatever place they may be, take upon him an oath to kill at least three or four of the ruling infidels, enemies of God and enemies of that religion.”¹

French monks and nuns have been arrested in great numbers. They are vaguely accused of taking part in a conspiracy, perhaps the one described in the *Tanine*, when Kitchener, Venizelos, the Armenians, and the cavass of the Greek Legation were implicated together. Wangenheim remains cruelly indifferent to this Armenian persecution, and the Austrian Embassy is without influence, for Pallavicini is far more humane. Odd that the most Catholic of all countries should be the ally in a “Holy War.” We went to the Bazaar after lunch, but the place is dead. Nothing is bought or

¹ Pamphlet published by the National Society of Defence, circulated in Turkish and Arabic.

sold, and an atmosphere of oppression hangs everywhere.

Returning I saw two transports loaded with troops about to leave for the Dardanelles. They send them daily. Enver is there, which is not a good sign for the Turks. There was enough friction in the past between him and Liman.

The Allies secured their first landing at Ari Bournu, where a Turk was in command. The Germans say he was asleep, and the English managed consequently to entrench themselves undisturbed. One of the British submarines in the Marmora is said to have called at Rodosto, flying the Turkish flag. The Kaimakam, believing the officers to be German, gave them all the petrol and provisions they required, and it was only after leaving that they hoisted their true colours.

At the Dutch Legation I met Göppert of the German Embassy, who at once took me aside to ask about the *Lusitania*. Fortunately, my ill command of German stood me in good stead, for I could not express myself, as I liked, and remained silent. He could see no point of view other than the German. Under the German theory a man owes honour as well as life to his country. "Der Kaiser verlangt es" is enough to excuse any crime.

May 12.—The *Goeben* is back at Stenia,

injured. She is said to have been struck four times, and one of her big guns put out of action. The other ships are in the Golden Horn, where they lie safe from submarines.

The new law about weapons is being enforced with distinctions. Christians and Moslems are taken into different rooms at the police stations, and the latter permitted to retain their arms. At the Credit Lyonnais, where they have two sets of watchmen, the Croats were obliged to surrender their revolvers, while the Turkish guards retained theirs.

More and more wounded arrive, and at the Pera Palace the management is greatly terrified lest the hotel be requisitioned. Rooms are now given guests for nothing, and one secretary, from occupying a small bedroom, has now a vast suite at his disposal. The Italians are not permitted to leave. If war is declared, the Turks want hostages here. The authorities declare that the "vessica" for their departure was not ready, but this is merely a subterfuge.

The Italian Ambassador knows nothing directly of what is happening in Italy, and seems oppressed. When I walked with him and we passed the British Embassy garden, we thought of entering, but decided not to, for political significance is attached to all our

movements. Only the other day, when Mrs. M. went there, the Germans said that because the British fleet was at the Dardanelles she had gone to prepare the Embassy!

Wangenheim announces that affairs have taken a more favourable turn, but he would do so even if he knew the rupture were to take place next day. In the event of war, he says, the Germans will occupy Milan in twenty-four hours.

Weitz, his shadow, no longer bows to Italians, and declares that within forty-eight hours the most ominous decision in 2000 years will be taken. After blustering to the President of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, the latter replied to him that "we may prove a David to your Goliath."

Weitz informs every one that at the German Embassy a golden book is kept of the records and deeds of every one. And if Germany is victorious there will be many scores to pay in the future. An odd method of cajolery.

Djavid¹ has returned full of the merit of German preparations which have already begun for next winter. He says they have bought the copper they needed at Bordeaux, of all places, and brought it into Germany *viâ* Switzerland!

The fifty hostages have returned from

¹ Former Minister of Finance.

Gallipoli after remaining there five days. When they arrived the place was deserted because of the bombardment on the Sunday before. The latter killed sixty soldiers and four civilians, and as the General Headquarters was present at the time it cannot be called unjustified. The hostages were put into empty houses and made to shift for themselves, having to buy their own bedding and food, otherwise they were not badly treated.

The two newspaper men who went along, came back in ignorance of what was going on at the Dardanelles. They heard nothing save the distant cannon, and all they saw were the passing transports. I telephoned news of their return to Wangenheim, who informed me of the torpedoing of a battleship the previous night at eleven o'clock. I said "Indeed," which seemed the most fitting expression for a neutral, and asked the name, but this he ignored.

A French renegade, the Marquis X., who goes under the Turkish name of N. Bey, called here again. He is a short, dapper old man who wears a fez, but has under it a brighter expression than the usual Oriental. He became a Moslem for harem purposes, and lives in a curious collection of pavilions on the Bosphorus.

In the afternoon we drove to Yildiz, which seemed deserted after the Hamidian days,

though wounded are there. I took some books to the French prisoner at the hospital, and also to a sick officer who asked for literature.

Returning, we passed through the lovely valley below Chichli, where Yussuf Izeddin's pavilion stands. It was all green and peaceful save for some boys kicking a football. No scent of war.

All departures are again stopped, and a Greek friend who wanted to leave to-morrow is greatly worried. I thought at first it was due to a movement of troops, but the trains go as far as Adrianople. It is probably an expedient to retain Italians here, until the decision of Rome is known. As Garroni had complained about withholding the travelling permits for Italians, no one at all can leave. Yet M., who had been to see Talaat, found him greatly relieved about Italy. He thought Austria would make the necessary concessions, and there would be no war. I believe nothing I hear.

May 14.—I called on G. to ask if he had received confirmation about the successful termination of the negotiations with Austria. He knew nothing, and thought optimism precipitate; but the situation seemed improved, and he was under the impression that Austria had made a concrete offer. I asked if this was to be for immediate cession, or at the end of

the war. Neutralist as he was, he declared he would prefer war to postponing the surrender till peace.

We spoke of the war and of the errors of the Triple Entente—their efforts had always been spasmodic, and had remained fruitless in consequence. Here in Turkey their expedition in Mesopotamia was never pushed, though in the beginning they could easily have reached Bagdad. At Suez the Turkish army was allowed to retreat unmolested, while they were in utter disorder, and were saved only by the bright moonlight. In Syria no landings were effected, though the Arabs would have welcomed these. Smyrna was a bluff, while the Dardanelles have been tried without concert with the Russians, who never pursued their success in the Caucasus. If all these efforts had been simultaneous and undertaken in sufficient force, the Turks would have been lost, the Balkans would have risen, and, as he phrased it, one might have motored from here to the Carpathians.

On the German side as well, he thought things were not very bright, and they were “sucking a dry nail.”

X. professed to have news that the London season was at its height, that the Derby was being run, and that only 400,000 English were

in France. "They try to have all the rest of the world fight for them, while they enjoy themselves," was his remark, and he added that the English wanted Italian aid at the Dardanelles.

Later came report of Salandra's resignation! What a success for Buelow. It is the Venizelos coup over again.

We took tea with the E. Beys. They had first accepted to dine with us to-morrow, but when E. heard that Ismet¹ was to be at the dinner, he declined. The latter is too fanatical, and detests the presence of Turkish ladies in society. So does the Grand Vizier. There are reactionary elements here, much to Madame E.'s disgust.

May 15.—The entire Christian population of the Upper Bosphorus is being expelled. At first it was only to be those beyond Buyukdere, but now the measure has been extended as far as the Italian Embassy at Therapia, and thousands will be destitute. The English Embassy gardener came to ask what he was to do. Apparently there is the usual story about Greek boatmen signalling to the Russians outside. The same signalling and spy mania about which people are crazy from the Scottish coast to the Black Sea. After all, one cannot

¹ The Prefect of Constantinople.

be too hard on the Turks, yet the Greeks here concerned are all Ottoman subjects.

A mysterious message came to the Embassy that now was the time to help the two Turkish ladies. I expect it refers to the relatives of Prince ——, but we can do nothing in the matter. It is hard enough to look out for Americans. In the evening Ismet Bey, Izzet Pasha, Colonel von Leipzig,¹ who is an old friend of former years, Anckarsvård,² and the C.'s dined with us. To avoid a question of precedence which was doubtful, I myself sat at the bottom of the table. Ismet has the reputation of being fanatical, but possesses breeding and cultivation. He does his best as Prefect to oppose the vulgarization of the city, and seemed to like my suggestion to lay out the flower-beds in Oriental rather than French style—Bengal roses and iris, instead of begonias and geraniums.

Leipzig admitted that the Zeppelins were a disappointment, and remarked that the English at the Dardanelles had an extraordinarily good observer in their captive balloon. I asked how long he thought the war would last. He believed very long. To take any other view was to ignore the English character, and he impressed

¹ The German Military Attaché.

² The Swedish Minister.

me as being less sanguine of the result than any German I had seen, and not at all Anglophobe. He spoke of Repington's criticisms of the German manœuvres published a few years ago. He must have been bilious when he wrote them, he remarked.

May 16.—We drove out to the Girls' College at Arnautkeuy, where I had to deliver an impromptu sermon. I tried to prepare it on the way out, for there was no time yesterday. The whole thing was rather a jumble in my mind.

We lunched at the College, which is a bit of America on the Bosphorus, and saw the new buildings. The principal, whose lifework they are, lives in terror of their being taken over by the military for barracks or hospitals uses, and it is hard to assure her of the contrary these days.

Dr. McN., a Canadian missionary in charge of an American school at Ismidt, has just been sent to Tchorum, on the charge of being in correspondence with the English. I hope he will not have to walk the whole way, like one poor Frenchman, who was sent both there and back on foot, perhaps five hundred miles.

The French sisters are still in prison awaiting trial—twenty or more of them, crowded in one small room, without beds or conveniences. Their friends or enemies have become most indiscreet, writing to them from abroad. The smallest

hint or allusion makes the Censor suspicious and gives grist to the court-martial.

One girl, I heard of here, was arrested because she received a postcard, which asked if she would send a "c.-p.," meaning *carte-postale*. The nun's friends in France were stupid enough to write them, using invisible ink, and this was discovered.

Pallavicini called to speak of Austrian successes and German successes and Turkish successes. The Russians, he believes, will never again take the offensive, and the Dardanelles remain impassable. Yet Austria would like peace, and he hoped America might force it on unwilling humanity.

We are to make war unless the others make peace. How remote it all seems. I agree with Leipzig that peace is still far off. British optimism on the subject seems absurd. One wonders at any one allowing himself to be quoted that it will be for June—possibly June of 1917.

May 17.—Mlle. Marie, the housekeeper, who was at Therapia yesterday, came back with harrowing tales. The place is full of refugees from the Upper Bosphorus who have been expelled by the Turks. They are selling their effects by auction for a few piastres. The local poor were very kind, and even families

living in two rooms were giving up one of these to those in greater distress. Mlle. Marie was so affected that she could not eat her dinner. But she graphically described the splash in the water caused by Russian shells, during yesterday's bombardment.

The Grand Rabbi called with his tale of woe about the Bosphorus expulsion. It affects Jews as well as Greeks and Armenians, and is only a sequel of what has happened at the Dardanelles. The population first took refuge at Gallipoli and Lapsaki, but now they are expelled from there. Five thousand destitute Jews are a charge on the community. And how small is this community in comparison with the others.

In many cases Jewish families whose fathers are fighting in the Turkish army have been ordered to leave. The Government allows them nothing; only quite exceptionally they are given three francs a month. The men are expected to fight, while their families are expelled destitute from their homes. Even the infirm have to go. I heard of one case, a bedridden Armenian woman of seventy ordered to leave.

The Turkish neighbors try to get them to sell what land they have, telling them they will never return. One woman who possessed a field worth £120 was offered £8 for it.

I hear that Baron von Oppenheim, of Cairo fame, is about to start on a second expedition to Afghanistan to stir up trouble in India. The first mission proved a failure, and the money which had been put into native hands disappeared. He probably goes to see that it should now be properly spent.

An Indian, Prince Mehmet, left here the other day on the same errand with £10,000. The Germans will leave no stone unturned.

At the Club I saw Wangenheim, who was so amiable that I suspect him of something. Talaat, who was also at the Club, is furious at the English and French, because Eyoub Sabri and Zinnoun¹ are still detained at Malta. He wants every one to know that he will do nothing more for any British or French: "Let them all rot."

May 18.—I met Garroni at the Dutch Legation fresh from the settlement of his "incident." He had crossed the street in front of the Italian Embassy, between two companies of troops who were marching by. Although he had in no way delayed their step, an officer rushed up and struck him with his sword still in the scabbard. Garroni promptly went to the Grand

¹Two influential members of the Committee of Union and Progress interned at Malta.

Vizier to demand reparation—not as an Ambassador, but for the unwarranted assault on a civilian, since the Germans have brought Zabern methods here. The Grand Vizier called at once to present his apologies, said the officer would be punished, and at Garroni's request that publicity should be given to the affair. The world would know that it was settled at the same time that it had occurred. A more excitable Ambassador might easily have given an uncomfortable twist to this.

I have just gone through a fat dossier on Pan-Islamic agitation which is going on everywhere mainly with German funds. San Francisco, oddly enough, is one of its main centres. Here, however, the movement is a failure, and has been succeeded by an old Turkish revival. The Persian Ambassador told me that much the same thing is happening in his country, where the younger generation are all dropping their Mohammedan Arabic names for Persian ones, like Cyrus and Artaxerxes.

With Colonel M. and Colonel P. I talked over the inevitable Dardanelles—one can think of nothing else.

They are bringing up troops from Syria as well as from Smyrna and Adrianople. The losses have, of course, been immense, but so

far as we know the Allies have not yet gained the main ridge of the peninsula.

Colonel M. still believes the Kabe Tepe¹ landing a mistake. The troops should have been concentrated at the point and then pushed forward. As it is they too must have suffered greatly. During the last few days there is said to have been a kind of truce, owing to the vast number of unburied bodies, which poisoned the air.

May 19.—A quiet day with disquieting reports. Those from the interior are harrowing. At Konia, where Armenians, expelled from the Zeitoun, have been sent homeless and penniless, the American Red Cross is not even permitted to distribute relief. Armenians call it a wilful policy of extermination.

Certain of the measures taken make murder almost kind. One poor woman threw her baby out of the car window, having no milk left. Whole regions are suddenly depopulated, and Moslems put in the place of the dispossessed Christians. Religious persecution seems even more hideous when carried out by a government of atheists.

On the Bosphorus, too, the people are in the utmost misery. Bedridden and infirm have

¹ Anzac,

been included in the measures of expulsion, and no exceptions are made.

Talaat was asked to leave the gardeners of the British and French Embassies, but he replied with, "Put Moslems in their place."

A Press communiqué has come out with an absurd version of the Garroni incident. No mention is made of the officer's punishment, or of the Grand Vizier's visit of excuse. But Garroni does not want a personal matter to be injected into the present atmosphere and will drop the affair.¹ Another Italian received far more serious handling from the same troops, who had freshly arrived from Syria.

The Censorship is nothing if not absurd. Langa Rascano² had announced the customary birthday reception at the Roumanian Legation. But his name was struck out, and in place they put "on recevra." The Minister's departure for Bucarest must be ignored by the crowd lest political significance be attached to it.

Our communiqués are sometimes amusing. Those from the Dardanelles have become fairly sober, since they repeatedly exterminated the Allies during the early days of the operations. But from near Smyrna comes a report by the official Milli Agency, of how two heroic

¹ At Stamboul a Turkish friend heard he had provoked it!

² The Roumanian Chargé d'Affaires.

gendarmes drove away a landing party of four hundred French!

After lunch word came that an officer and some men wanted to enter the British Embassy to look for "coal and other things," and asked for a dragoman to accompany them! I got word through to Talaat, and the latter at once gave orders to stop this.

With Helene I drove to Eyoub, and for the first time visited the mosque where formerly no non-Moslem could tread; with its city of tombs in disrepair, its minarets peering through the cypresses, it has the Eastern charm which is disappearing here. From there we drove half round the Walls. My impression of their grandeur was as fresh as when I first saw them. Jolting along the worst of roads, one feels it is yet the finest avenue in the world.

Returning to Pera, I read Bethmann-Hollweg's speech in the Reichstag outlining the concessions to Italy. Is it peace or war?

May 20.—The wounded have again come in great numbers. Three transports full arrived yesterday, and at Tash Kishlar alone they were expecting 600. Yet the official bulletin speaks only of an engagement in which two Ottomans were slightly wounded—two months ago, after a severe bombardment, they admitted that a

camel had been grazed. On another occasion it was "a mule of Hungarian origin," while at Suez the English fled "frightened by their own shadow"! We are progressing!

On opening the *Pesther Lloyd* at the Club, I saw telegraphed from Maidos on the 15th, the report of a battle in which an entire British division had been "massacriert," and the Allies' losses in that one engagement were placed at over 30,000. I showed it to Wangenheim, and remarked that we knew nothing about it here, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, and turning the conversation on sport, offered me an Irish hunter to ride. A German officer just back from the Dardanelles says that both sides were so strongly entrenched that neither could drive out the other. The Turks appear to have made good their wastage. One entire division and units from two others have been sent down there. Even if their losses exceed 50,000 men they should now be as strong as before.

We have received a new proposal for the exchange of belligerent subjects. Every one over forty-five and under seventeen, including priests and infirm, are to be exchanged on a basis of reciprocity, but plus Eyoub Sabri and Zinnoun. I doubt if it goes through. It would take months to bring people here from

the interior, and if Eyoub Sabri and Zinnoun were released they would soon stop the others going for special reasons or no reasons at all. Talaat blocks what Enver grants, and Enver blocks what Talaat grants, and so it goes on. I saw Talaat at the Club playing poker as if everything were serene.

Italy seems on the verge of war. Here we know nothing, but I hear that at Rome Giolitti dares not show himself.

The Russians bombarded the Bosphorus this morning.

May 21.—Walking towards the Embassy, the wounded were again passing in trams. It is such a daily spectacle that no one bothers about it any longer. The official communiqué hints at heavy fighting, and the "success almost entirely achieved" seems to cover a repulse. It is an old habit of the Turks to veil a defeat by announcing a victory.

The Allied losses are doubtless terribly heavy. Here the Turks claim that 35,000 have been killed, and Captain W., who believes that the estimate is not far off, places it at 32,000.

The demonstration at Yenikeuy proved expensive, and an American journalist saw the diary of a Turk on which an English prisoner had written, "of my regiment only three are

left." The Turk could not read this, and asked him to translate it.

Four American correspondents leave tomorrow for the Dardanelles, which sounds confident for the Turks.

W. thinks that with less than half a million men the place will never be taken. The best chance was missed when the attack of March 18 remained without a sequence, and six weeks of fresh preparation were given to prepare the land defence and collect troops from all over the Empire. Personally, I believe it a capital error to have begun the enterprise so late, but it would now be a worse one to abandon it.

At the Italian Embassy they were still without telegrams from Rome, but Wangenheim himself brought the news of Salandra's overwhelming majority in the Chamber.

I talked with Garroni about the protection of the Italians, which is to be my special province. He enjoined me to remind the Turks that in their own interest it would be better not to envenom the situation by gratuitous maltreatment. He described how he had undertaken the protection of Russians here, and of Turks in Russia, and consented only to the incarceration of suspicious characters.

Afterwards I talked over the protection of Russian interests with Serafimow, who expects

to leave with the Italians. I shall try to save the Russian Archæological Institute by suggesting to Edhem¹ that he should take it over.

Opinion in Russia is again very excited over Constantinople, and does not relish the fact that the attack hitherto should have come only from the Western side.

May 22.—More reinforcements for the Dardanelles passed under my windows to wake me early. They swung along at a fair clip, in columns of four and five. Every day they send them. They are dispatched to Rodosto and from there marched cross country, probably crossing the Straits at night, when they are safe from indirect fire. I hear that no quarter is given any more and no prisoners taken. Most of the fighting is with the bayonet. Dr. P., who works daily at the hospital, told me there was a great difference in the moral of the wounded. Those who came in the beginning were certain of success, for they had seen the first landing parties repulsed, but now they are far more despondent, saying they cannot fight against the ships. Some had received bayonet wounds on the heights above Maidos.

It looks as if the Allies were progressing,

¹ Director of the Museum at Constantinople.

though we will probably know nothing positive till the scuttle begins here, and for the present the Germans keep up Turkish confidence. Italy entering the war has been a sad blow to them. Turkish attendance at the Club is a sure barometer, and yesterday it was deserted. It is the same at the Red Crescent, which is thronged with ladies whenever Turkish victories are announced. For the first time, Wangenheim was not at his usual bridge-table. As a sop he gives it out that Italy will not declare war against Turkey, though I hear the Treaty of Lausanne will also be denounced, on the ground that Turkish officers are still fighting in Tripoli. Certainly Rhodes and the Islands are tempting baits.

At the Italian Embassy they have received no telegrams in three days; all are withheld from them.

The Turks now talk of the expulsion of all non-Moslems from the Bosphorus as far as Hissar, and say that the measure had been suggested by the Germans!

By a new regulation one can no longer travel on the ferry-boat without special permission of the police! How much further can things go!

Enver was approached to rescind the order expelling Armenians from Erzeroum—50,000

or more are involved, but the Turks dislike solicitation for the Armenians. Enver spoke of the English using dum-dums, but when Dr. P., who was present, stated that in all his hospital work he had neither seen nor heard of any such cases, Enver replied he did not care, as anyhow shrapnel was worse than dum-dums.

May 23.—Italy joins the Allies! I met Garroni outside his Embassy, and walked with him. In view of events he wanted to show himself publicly. He thought that a sudden change of opinion must have come about in Italy, which he was at a loss to understand.

A little later Pallavicini came to call on him for the last time, and they almost fell into each other's arms. N. is of course radiant, and when asked how he was, he answered "mieux." He has preached war since the beginning. The Germans cabaled against him, and for a long time his position here was difficult. I told him that he was the first person I had been warned against! Wangenheim, too, had intrigued against me by telling the Grand Vizier and Talaat that I disliked the Turks, and tried to establish this legend in order to destroy my possible influence.

Serafimow, on whom I had called to talk over certain Russian matters, showed me

copies of the *Sibill-i-Reshad*, the organ of the Moslem clergy here, which is at daggers drawn with the atheistic Sheikh-ul-Islam. His recent *fetva*, making the Sultan a Ghazi after the apocryphal victory at the Dardanelles, was published by them in the advertisement pages. They are very opposed to new Pan-Islamism because of its exclusively Turkish apex. As they contain numerous Arabic, Persian, and even Seldjuk elements, they aim rather at the fraternity of Islam. It is largely due to their passive resistance that the Holy War fell so flat. It could not be proclaimed against only one set of infidels.

The Russians have landed a force near Soungouldak, and destroyed the German coal-mines inland. They have been repeatedly bombarding the neighbouring places, and little coal now arrives here. Yesterday the Prefect called a meeting of the directors of all the public services to devise means to curtail its consumption. The steamship service of the Golden Horn is to be stopped, and three separate requisition orders were at once made out to one concern for its stock of 600 tons. Street-lighting is to be diminished and cafés to close earlier. All the coal is needed for the three factories of military supplies.

The Italian representative on the Debt

told me that he has been approached by Hungarians here to say their country was sick of the Germans and ready for peace. He was requested to inform Rome of this, and in case listeners were found they would then indicate their principals. It is the old story over again. Hungary would make peace if she could keep all she has. But how would that satisfy Serbia or Roumania? And Hungarian opinion is not yet prepared to abandon territory. For Russia this should be a useful leverage to work in Roumania. The latter receded when Giolitti seemed on top, and at once allowed the transit of German gold here, after it had been refused a fortnight before. Ten million francs arrived as an advance on the loan made Turkey, of which two-thirds comes from Berlin and one-third from Vienna.

Munitions, too, have lately arrived through Roumania, and Austria is said to have offered territorial concessions.

Will Buelow now be sent to Bucarest?

Yet L. believes in war from his side as well.

German ladies are leaving and German officers arriving. Seventy-three came last night. To-day the escaped part of the *Emden* crew reached here from Arabia after their many adventures. They were brought over

from the Asiatic side on a destroyer, and then marched in triumph through the streets preceded by a band, a squad of firemen and Bedri. There was no enthusiasm except from some Germans, and those of the Embassy appeared depressed. Von Spee, who is a brother of the Falkland Island admiral, criticized the fuss made over one lieutenant where so many thousands were daily risking their lives in silence. Oddly enough Bedri's police rough-handed Weitz of all men. I saw the procession on my return from the *Scorpion*, where I had gone for tea. I met there an American newspaper man fresh from Athens, who related a long interview with the King, the most interesting parts of which he had not been permitted to use. The latter told him that he was ready to work with Venizelos if his party should again come into power, but he did not disguise his own pro-German sympathies. The recent downfall of Venizelos was attributed to a conspiracy of the princes, who found him too powerful.

The Gounaris Cabinet tried to renew negotiations with the Triple Entente, but the latter would have nothing to do with it. They must rue the day at Athens when they neglected to follow the advice of Venizelos. The place is seething with revolution. A Greek

republic may be established should Greece get nothing from the war.

May 24.—Troops passed on their way to the Dardanelles. First artillery and later three regiments who had been quartered at Buyukdere. They were well equipped and one of the regiments had with it a machine-gun section. But as usual they were under-officered. Never more than two to the company of about 200 men, nor do the officers look keen.

I hear at the hospital some of the wounded complained that the officers ordered them to charge while they themselves lagged behind. On the other hand, one officer said he was the only survivor of eighteen in his regiment.

A dragoman from the Italian Embassy brings us reports of the Allies' success at the Dardanelles, at the same time as £T.6000 in gold which the Italians want to deposit with us. But though they believe we will have the protection of their interests, they know nothing. No telegrams have reached them in the last four days, except unimportant ones. It looks as if the Turks were able to distinguish the different ciphers, and it is said that Berlin has presented the Porte with a copy of the Italian. Since the entry of Italy is certain Wangenheim has told the Turks that an

arrangement will be made by which Italy will remain at peace with them while fighting only Austria. At the Club, Hakki Pasha cherished hopes of this kind, but to my mind they are illusions, for Italy will want to participate, and will insist on its place in the wash-up here. Yet the Turks like to fondle such hopes. When last October, after the bombardment of Sebastopol, the French and English Ambassadors came to declare war, the Grand Vizier expressed real surprise. "Why should you? We are very fond of you." He could not understand why it was not possible to be solely at war with Russia.

At dinner we had the Willebois, the E. Beys, X. Kahn, and Trautmansdorf. The usual crowd came in afterward for bridge.

Mdme. E. told me she spends her time writing letters for the wounded in the hospitals. But though most of them are married they will never think of writing to, or even mentioning, their wives, but only their male relatives. With lower-class Moslems, women must never be alluded to. I talked over the Russian Archæological Institute with E. Bey, and he became quite excited, assuring me that the Turks would give proof that their respect for learning was greater than that shown by supposedly more civilized nations. He told

me, however, that the books would not be sent to Konia, which was what I wanted.

I talked Pan-Islamism and the poetry of the East with X. Khan. He was amused at Pan-Islamic agitation made in Germany, and described a proclamation lately sent to India with a photogravure portrait of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, clad in a stiff shirt and wearing a starched collar; the idea of this seemed ludicrous, as both the image and the dress were anathema to true believers. He did not think that any of the proposed expeditions could reach India. I spoke to him about Raouf Bey,¹ and he told me "Il fait des bêtises," trying to raise the tribes in Southern Persia against the English. That very day he had asked the Grand Vizier to have him recalled. He realizes the weakness of Persia and does not want to give either England or Russia any pretext for further interference.

He himself had been accused of undue friendliness to Russia, when in reality he had only a saner judgment than the others. We agree together about the follies of Turkish policy. The trouble with the Turks, he said, is that they have never had statesmen. Kutchuk

¹ A Turkish naval officer of prominence who, suspected by the Germans of not being under their control, was given this mission to remove him from the capital.

Said was the ablest in recent times, though a man without convictions.

May 25.—As I was walking toward the Embassy the Spanish Minister ran after me for news about Italy's declaration of war, as the Grand Vizier told every one that it would not affect Turkey. He was furious over a lunch menu on the occasion of King Alfonso's birthday. When sent to the press the Censor changed the "petits pois à la française" to "à l'occidentale," and a "glace à la russe" to "à l'orientale," and asked how any diplomatist dared to invoke the names of Turkey's enemies! N. came in shortly afterward to request us to send a wire, as the Italian Embassy had been cut off from all news since the 20th. Now that Italy is a belligerent they want to find out about the protection of Italian interests. This question at least was answered later in the day by a cable from Bryan, that the Italian Ambassador at Washington requested us to assume them. Now we shall add Italy, Russia, and Montenegro to England and France, Belgium and Serbia.

The day's excitement has been provided by an English submarine. Yesterday this stopped a tug, sunk it, but allowed the crew to go on shore. These brought the news, so the Turks placed artillery at Top Hané, Seraglio Point, and other positions commanding the port and,

published in the morning papers a bulletin that gun practice would take place, in order to explain their possible firing. The submarine came up at twenty minutes to one o'clock about 300 yards from where the *Scorpion*¹ lay moored, and was immediately fired at by the shore batteries. It shot off two torpedoes. The first missed a transport by about fifty yards, the second struck the *Stamboul* fair, passing under a barge moored alongside, which blew up. The *Stamboul* had a gap of twenty feet on her water-line, but did not sink. She was promptly towed toward Beshiktash to lie at the bottom in shallow water.

The submarine meanwhile, under a perfect hail of fire which passed uncomfortably close to the *Scorpion*, dived and got away, steering up the Bosphorus. At Galata there was a panic, every one closing their shops. The troops, who were already on two transports, were promptly disembarked, but later re-embarked, and still later landed once more. The total damage was inconsiderable, but the moral effect very real.

I received a letter from F. of the E 15 asking for books, pipes, and underwear for his men, who are interned at Afion Karahissar. The letter is dated the 10th, and has taken

¹ The American guardship.

fifteen days to be delivered. There is little news from the interior save that the Russians have entered Van. The contingent is mostly composed of Armenian volunteers who fight with desperate courage, but whose excesses have shocked even the Russian command. They have too many scores to wipe off for moderation. Oddly enough, I am told that at Olty it was the Turks themselves who led their own troops into an ambushade. There can be little left of their Caucasian army.

I do not know how many troops remain here, but Colonel M., who dined with us last night, said he did not think that there were over 200,000 between Thrace, the Dardanelles, Constantinople, and Smyrna. Some of the men who left Buyukdere the other day wept when they heard they were going to the war. They seem poorly fed, for even in that short march many fell out of the ranks. The officers are a wretched-looking lot.

Still they seem to have abundant equipment which was supposed to be lacking. In October they had only 400,000 mausers, but since then gun-barrels have come through from Germany and are set up here. More munitions have arrived from Roumania. Apparently at Bucarest they demand Czernowitz and the Banat, and as Russia is now unwilling to yield

either, they allow munitions to come through. Every time the Grand Vizier sees the Roumanians he takes up this question, and has even made these wire to Bucarest on the subject.

May 26.—S. came in with an exciting tale. On his way to the Dardanelles the steamer which carried munitions and a 6-inch gun had been torpedoed by an English submarine, the E II. They allowed the crew to leave and then sank the ship. The English officer told him there were eleven submarines in the Marmora and these are holding up all the ships going to the Dardanelles. They had sunk three transports full of troops, out of four which had been sent, and various other vessels, but do not touch those carrying wounded. Reinforcements are no longer being dispatched by sea, but overland by Muradli, which is far more difficult and takes eight days. It is thought they are being sent towards Enos, where fighting is expected. Some believe that the operations at the Dardanelles are only a feint intended to engage the greatest number of troops possible, and that the real landing has taken place at Enos.

There are reports of fighting at Kashan above Rodosto, but I believe these to be myths, and the only reason that troops are

sent in that direction is because of the submarines.

I heard the first plausible explanation why the English torpedoes did less injury than the Germans. Thus an old merchant ship like the *Stamboul*, though struck fair at a short distance, did not sink. Apparently the English torpedoes, like our own, are intended for an effective range up to 5000 yards, and have in consequence a smaller diameter and explosive charge than the Germans which are meant for 3000 yards. Is this true?

A Greek sailor who was on board one of the eleven colliers sunk by the Russians at Soungouldak, says they arrived with twenty-two transports and landed a large force which began by destroying the coalmines. Has a real force been sent? It has always been thought that if they landed it would be in this neighbourhood, to escape Chataldja and cut off Constantinople from Anatolia.

May 27.—The position of the Italians here is becoming increasingly difficult. The local press publishes daily attacks on Italy and the alleged cowardice of Italian troops, and though there are no signs of popular resentment against them, the feeling is distinctly uncomfortable. Yesterday Weitz, meeting N. at Mrs. J.'s, asked how his enemy felt, but patted him on the

back. At the Club the Italians are still on bowing terms with the others.

News has come of the torpedoing of the *Majestic*—the second battleship in three days. The Turks are exultant, and have ordered all the shops to display flags. At Stamboul, where most of the Greek shopkeepers do not own any, they were taken to police stations and forced to buy them. The ship was sunk by a German submarine. Colonel M. told me, having heard, two months ago, that six of these had been sent in sections to Pola where they were put together. This sounds more plausible than that they should have come round by Gib. Enver was very pleased—one torpedo had done this, he said, and soon there will be no more ships. But he did not prophesy how soon the Allies would be driven off. Only a few weeks ago, he declared it was at most a question of two days, later the delay was extended to a week. Now we forget about it. There are all kinds of rumours that the Turks have met with defeat and the Allies made great progress.

Already the Turks have lost over 70,000 men out of perhaps 120,000. They had fourteen divisions there, but most of these did not exceed 9000 men. The Marmora is practically closed by English submarines. Every one asks

where their depôt is and how they are re-furnished.

The Persian Ambassadress called to-day on Helene. Although a Frenchwoman she does not allow men to see her, fearing lest her husband be criticized. She is devoted to him.

A few days ago Tewfik was spoken of as Grand Vizier. Now it is Hakki—the latter seems more likely with the German influence behind him.

May 28.—From Aleppo word has come that they have begun deporting six hundred men, women, and children of the belligerent powers to the interior. At Smyrna the same measure is contemplated. Enver refused to remit the Aleppo deportations save for such women and children as have not yet been sent. Some of these unfortunates are accused of circulating false rumours of Allied success, and thus disquieting the population. And they want successes badly. From Budrum they announce as a victory that they have captured a row-boat with five Frenchmen. "The prisoners and their flags are being sent to Constantinople!"

The submarines in the Marmora have frightened the Turks, and all the remaining transports, save one, lie tranquilly in the Golden Horn. Otherwise I have never seen the port

so empty. One wonders where the submarines have their base and when and how it was prepared—probably, if at all, in some island of the Marmora, though the newer boats can stay out a long time. The German submarine base is said to be at Smyrna, where large quantities of petrol have been sent, but doubtless it is not the only one.

At the Club they put me out with the tale that the *Agamemnon* had been sunk. Three ships in three days seemed more than one could stand: fortunately it was not true, and at the worst she was only towed to Imbros. But the submarine has come to stay, and make good Percy Scott's prediction. The *Majestic* was sunk in spite of five destroyers around her and nets up—the latter cut by the shears torpedoes now carry.

I visited the Military Museum at St. Irene, a Byzantine church, covered with Turkish weapons, and typifying Constantinople-Turkish military occupation, on a Greek foundation. In the court, beside the porphyry sarcophagi of Byzantine Empresses, a penny-in-the-slot hurdy-gurdy was patronized by Turkish soldiers. The Museum is up to date. There is an unexploded 15-inch shell fired by the *Queen Elizabeth* at the Dardanelles, and two English machine guns captured in the recent fighting,

but pretty well battered. Also the flag of the E 15. An Italian flag said to have been captured in Libya was, I believe, stolen from a Consulate. The Museum aims at fostering martial enthusiasm by a display of weapons from Crusaders' armour to Enver's uniform!

Afterward I called on R. Bey, where I met Abdul Hak-Hamid, the foremost Turkish poet, who looks like a cultivated Frenchman, copies Victor Hugo, and wears an eye-glass. His wife is Belgian. But we spoke more of China than of Turkey, for political talk has to be eschewed.

All upper-class Turks are pro-English. F. told me of one poor English wounded prisoner who was given five pounds, in sympathy, by an unknown Turk.

T. and B. of the Austrian Embassy came after dinner, the former furious against the Italians, saying that all the hatred toward the English had now been diverted. B., although a Hungarian, was more restrained; he has already lost eleven out of twelve near relatives in the war. It is odd how little the Austrians and the Germans mix. At the Club each sit at separate tables, and not once have I seen them talking together. Even the Austrian Military Plenipotentiary, General P., apparently never sees his German colleague. The Germans make their superiority felt too much, and the

Austrians loathe them. Oddly enough Turkey has been of more use to Germany than Austria; but that is because England willed it, when it would have been so easy to leave the Turks alone.

T. told me that the 200,000 Russians concentrated at Odessa for a landing here have now been dispatched in all haste to Galicia.

May 29.—The Bulgarian students, both at Robert College and the Girls' College, have all been ordered back a fortnight before the term is over. Koloucheff says it means nothing save that their parents were anxious—the submarines had alarmed them! But it seems odd—the Italian Embassy had never any intimation of war from Rome, and I doubt if the Bulgarians would receive it here. After all, Bulgaria can at once realize her ambitions in Thrace, and get back the Dobroudja, if she moves now, while she finds the powers favourably disposed for Macedonia. If she waits, she risks being left empty handed. Though none of the Balkan States want Russia here, they do not prevent it by abstaining: concerted action with England and France will far more likely lead to internationalization.

Last night a submarine sunk a transport, the *Panderna*, with troops and munitions aboard, though the Turks deny the former. No lights

are now allowed at night on the Galata bridge—even cabs and motors are obliged to extinguish theirs. This morning I heard about nine o'clock the sharp crackle of guns. I do not know whether it was directed against a submarine, though one appeared off Moda Point.

One cannot help wondering what will happen here just before the Allies get through. Personally I do not believe in massacres, though many think these certain, nor in that last-ditcher attitude of the Turk which will want to destroy everything before making his final bow in Europe. I think the threat is bluff. Enver may have the stuff of the fanatic, but I doubt it of the others. Still they may seek to defend Constantinople against a landing—a few guns and howitzers are left here, and in that case we might be bombarded, as technically the place would be fortified. Can a neutral zone be established?

An American correspondent has just returned from the Dardanelles. The lines are within thirty yards of each other, and the operations are pure siege work. He thought that the Turks over-estimated the Allied strength. The latter rely more on the gunfire from the fleet than on their own artillery of which they do not seem to have much. Since the German submarine successes the

Turks feel elated. There is no likelihood of an early solution.

I wonder if an Italian force is on its way.

N. lunched here, as it is uncomfortable for him to go to the Club, and the feeling is bitter against him personally. Ever since the war broke out he has been anti-German. Yet diplomatic immunity should cover the Embassy. The Germans have every interest in upholding it, for if Bulgaria moves against them they will be cut off here and likely prisoners.

In the afternoon after lawn-tennis, with our Anglo-German-Italian four, we went for a drive. We passed the power station at Chichli where they are said to be manufacturing munitions, though I could see no signs of it. Skilled workmen from Krupp have lately arrived here, however, and are helping the Turks in making up to 12-inch shells, it is claimed, though this must be an exaggeration.

It was pleasant to get beyond the town on the Therapia road, and pass through the fields of ripening strawberries. The day was exceptionally clear and one could see the island of Marmora, and the distant Olympus. We returned by Yildiz, where there were hundreds of convalescent wounded and a park of requisitioned carts. Then down the valley to Flammour, passing the marble terraces and

cypress groves. I fancy the tradition of terrace gardens has come down from Byzantine days. These steep hills and varied perspectives of land and water are admirably suited for them.

May 30.—Had a talk with Colonel Phrantzis¹ on Hellenism. To him it is not a race, nor a religion, but an idea. Albanians were as much imbued with it, and he found the same feelings in Greek Jews. He quoted a Persian who said that if Alexander had lived another quarter of a century, Christ would not have been necessary. I like the mystical patriotic faith of the Greeks, which all alike share. The latter here lament the decay of Hellenism. Those from Greece proper have a broader view, tempered and enlarged with other ideals than the local Greeks, whose nationalism is religion, and centres around the Patriarchate. The lower classes are still fanatical, and even at Therapia during Holy Week burn a Jew in effigy. Mr. Z.'s sister tried her best to stop this practice, without success. The most she could obtain was that the burning should take place in the middle of the Bosphorus, and from a boat.

The report is that the Allied ships have been withdrawn from the Dardanelles. There are supposed to be five or six submarines—

¹ The Greek Military Attaché.

Austrian or German? Since the *Agamemnon* has been torpedoed before the plains of Troy, a Greek dentist who bears that surname was arrested by an over-intelligent police. Having convinced these that its use was no novelty on his part in honour of the Allies, he was released with a caution to abbreviate his name on the sign-post to the initial A. There is now a crusade against all signboards in enemy languages, and the porter of this house had word from the police that he must remove the Arabic numerals from the door and leave only the Turkish. They still have time to think of such things. The Director of the Pera Palace was arrested to-day. I do not know the reason. I suppose he will be kept in prison a few days and then released without explanation. The usual process.

The *Breslau* and *Hamidié* returned yesterday with a convoy of 6500 tons of coal from Soun Gouldak, so our electricity will continue for a time. The Russians had blown up some collieries with dynamite, but there are others left. Their landing in force was a myth, the twenty-two ships observed being the entire fleet and not transports. From a military point of view a Russian landing is out of the question, I hear, until they gain complete command of the sea.

Wangenheim must have his hands full since Italy has entered, and no longer plays his daily bridge. Lately at the club he grew fearfully excited, shaking his fist and hammering the table, declaring that England wanted the war. And his bridge associates, who are Greeks, in terror lest he should grow more violent and to humour him, repeated in chorus, "Yes, England wanted the war."

An unpleasant note has come from the Porte, to say that, after the Allied aeroplanes had bombarded Maidos hospital, killing thirty of the wounded, an order of the day was captured directing aviators particularly to single out hospitals and ambulances for their work. It goes on to say that the Turks will therefore be obliged to resort to very severe reprisals toward British and French prisoners both military and civilian. L., the French dragoman, wants us to ask if these are to be grilled alive or plunged in boiling oil. It may be bluff, but the military are in a mood to resort to anything. Since the submarines appeared they are puffed up with confidence. How different from the old Turks I saw yesterday in the Conqueror's Mosque at Stamboul. There is a silent dignity about old-world Islamism. The present crowd is closer to Sofia than to Konia.

May 31.—I have had some particulars

about the submarines. There are four in all, one large one which acts as a floating base, and three smaller ones, not over 100 feet in length. These were shipped in sections to Pola and set up. I suppose the presence of the parent submarine accounts for German activity in English waters, and explains the length of time they can keep the sea. It is odd that this has not been noticed by the critics, who search for more mysterious reasons and under-water stores of petrol. Here the submarines have given new confidence to the Turks. For one thing it has reduced the Allies' gun-power, and the former now feel safer in their trenches.

R. and S., who have just returned from the Dardanelles, saw no signs of apprehension. They were allowed to go close to the first line of defences, and saw trenches full of men lying idle in support. The artillery fire was proceeding most of the time and the much-expected want of ammunition has not yet made itself felt.

The Turks admit 8000 wounded on the peninsula, who cannot be moved. Since the British submarines have been so active in the Marmora, no more wounded arrive here, for they dare not send the ships. The two correspondents returned on a small tug, whose captain blazed at every dolphin lest it be a

periscope. Even the Haidar Pasha ferry has its railings overhung with life-belts, and people live in terror to cross the Bosphorus.

The Turks are furious at the English press for announcing that they had asked for an armistice at the Dardanelles to bury the dead. An official communiqué gives out that "the baseness of English character is such that it cannot appreciate the lofty humanity of the Ottoman mind, in granting this permission. English people may well hope that some day their country may attain a level of civilization equal to that of Turkey!"

Last night L. said he believed Roumania would soon move. From what he knew the negotiations with Russia were proceeding favourably. There were still difficulties over the Bukovina and the Banat, which had lately been promised to Serbia, but they would probably be smoothed down and a concentration Cabinet come into power to declare war.

Here the place is full of rumours of agreement between Roumania and Bulgaria, yet Wangenheim, to show confidence, announces his early departure for Therapia.

III

JUNE

BATTLE AND HOPES

June 1.—In the streets one hears only the grating sound of windows, scraped of their foreign signs, for the tradesmen live in terror of the police, and obey every new regulation. The only exception made is in favour of German signs.

There is talk of an anti-foreign demonstration against such as still remain on June 11, the lately rediscovered anniversary of the capture of Constantinople, when all Greeks have to be careful. Last year an absurd charge that Y. Bey had put the Turkish flag at half-mast on this occasion cost him his place of "Mudir" at Prinkipo, for there was no means of disproving this a few days later when the accusation came home.

A Turkish friend called, full of indignation at the expulsion measures from the Upper Bosphorus. They were forcing him to move,

for he had Christians in the house who were like members of the family, and his wife could not be without them. He laid the fault on the Germans, and particularly Admiral Souchow, who, he said, was insistent. A Turkish official told me the same thing. Yet I find this hard to believe, though Germans were charged by the Turks with being at the bottom of the Greek expulsions which caused so much misery last year.

Another correspondent has returned from the Dardanelles. But although he passed a month there, he saw very little.

The bombs from aeroplanes have done a deal of damage, and Liman's headquarters are in a well-hidden forest glen near Yalova. He was impressed by the growing ill-feeling between Turks and Germans, which he thought certain to burst more violently. The Turks I meet who have sons fighting at the Dardanelles seem to commiserate them. In spite of daily official rhapsodies there is no enthusiasm and little notion of fighting for one's country, but rather a sad realization of the desperate adventure. If the Allies enter, few will give them a heartier welcome than the Turks. "*À présent c'est l'anarchie,*" one remarked to me to-day.

The police have entered a French orphan asylum at Bebek this morning, and gave orders

that the place was to be instantly evacuated. The orphans were not even permitted to eat the lunch spread before them, or to take anything away with them. Between foundlings and nuns, 150 people were suddenly thrown in the street. The monks who brought me the news were naturally upset. I promised to see Chukri,¹ as the orders were supposed to emanate from him. He received me with great courtesy, but assured me that he had nothing to do with it and knew nothing about it. He thought it might be the military, as they were in want of convalescent homes. He was so affable that I regretted having no further business to bring up. I therefore asked permission to use the telephone which was on his desk, to inform M. who had an appointment with Enver.

When I returned to the Embassy, M. had seen Enver, who told him that he was ignorant of the whole thing. The orders emanated entirely from Chukri. Bedri,² to whom we then telephoned to stop it, cursed Chukri as a dog who had not even the courage to acknowledge what he did!

Enver is unwilling to allow the Italian Consuls in Syria to leave from Beirut on the

¹ Minister of Public Instruction.

² Chief of Police.

Tennessee, as the Consulate desired, but suggested that they should all gather at Smyrna or here. As this is certain to take time, he probably suggests it in order to await developments. Meanwhile Garroni has received word from his Government to facilitate the Consuls' departure while he waits here, neither fish nor fowl. The Italian Embassy is nervous to leave by their ordinary packet from Dedeagatch, because of submarines, and ask that an American man-of-war be sent for them. All the Italian colony who wish to do so will embark with Garroni, but it will be necessary to make an exception against reservists.

An Italian captured on a Russian vessel sunk by the *Goeben* last autumn has just been released from Afion Karahissar. The captive officers there live not badly, but the men are fed on food not fit for dogs. They are obliged to work on the roads and often maltreated by their guards.

The negotiations between Bulgaria and Roumania are said to be progressing favourably, though the arrangement is very complicated. There is talk of an Italian occupation of Herzegovina as a guarantee for eventual Serbian cessions in Macedonia. The Germans are worried over the situation.

June 2.—I heard from a German source

that during the Crown Council at Sofia every one save Radoslavoff was for the Entente. It is not unnatural. The Bulgars can regain Thrace and the Dobroudja and obtain favourable consideration for Macedonia. If afterward they fall on the Greeks the Entente will not save the latter. At Bucarest they are busy preparing hospital quarters everywhere, and women are enrolling as nurses. The fact that the censorship here allows news of Roumanian military preparation to be published seems rather indicative. The Russian defeat in Galicia had one immediate result in making them more conciliatory. Petrograd no longer insists on the Bukovina, and will probably compromise on the Banat. There is a report here to-night that Talaat has left for Sofia. At any rate he was extraordinarily obliging to-day, which is always a sign when things go wrong here.

The Turks have asked for the British Embassy to use as a hospital. There is ample room elsewhere, though wounded have come in again. Tram full after tram full passed the house this morning. Some arrived by train and some by a small ship, which I saw at the Customs quay with a Red Cross painted on it. So far they have not been able to obtain recognition for their hospital ships, and, having

only a few vessels, they use them for transports as well.

Wounded on their way here are perfectly safe from submarines, but on the journey back to the Dardanelles vessels run the risk. Enver was asked to show the captured order of the day mentioned in the Porte's note, enjoining Allied aviators to throw bombs on ambulances and hospitals, but replied it was an intercepted wireless communication, so the matter can drop!

There are worse stories about, brought back by wounded soldiers, especially Greeks. In one case a party of eight English, who had wandered and lost their way, surrendered. They gave up their arms and were told they were at liberty. As soon as they turned to go, all were promptly shot down. There must be substance in these reports, for no more prisoners are taken.

The military have it all their own way, and a new law authorizes the Commandants to proceed to wholesale expulsions whenever they judge it necessary. It is no new thing, but will strengthen their hand, especially in Armenia. The feeling against the Armenians is very strong because so many are fighting on the Russian side. But here, wherever their sympathies lie, their actions have been innocent.

A wire from the Triple Entente asks to tell this Government that they will be held personally responsible for their inhuman treatment of Armenians. There have been so many such threats that they must lose effect without greater military success.

In the afternoon Helene accompanied me to call on F. Bey—the last Turk of the old courtly school and a great gentleman. His sons, although grown up, kiss his hand in the morning and dare not smoke before him or go out of an evening without his consent. He has some good French furniture in the helter-skelter collection he has formed with love. One Louis XVI commode with the interlaced L on the bronzes is of rare beauty. I met there Z. Bey, who is most pessimistic at the outlook, and sees ruin ahead. The crowd's fanaticism at Stamboul is daily excited, he told us, and he for one anticipates massacres. Many do, but personally I believe that Bedri has now removed the most dangerous characters, and the Turkish hooligan does not exist.

Returning to the Embassy, I found a French Jesuit, Father d'A., freshly released from prison. He had been tried by court-martial. His interrogatory had been lengthy, and they had tried to intimidate him, but could prove nothing. He had, however, been well treated

after the first arrest, and had no complaint to make.

The nuns are worse off, but they have been indiscreet in their wish to correspond with their families in France.

The Director of the Pera Palace has also been released, but ordered to leave Constantinople at once.

June 3.—S., who is back from the Dardanelles, thinks that without reinforcements the Allies have an impossible task. The Ari Bournu¹ landing was a grave error, and with the steep hills commanding their position no progress can be made. He was surprised to see the transports lying undisturbed, though within gun range, which seems to indicate shortage of munitions. The frequent bayonet fights were also for the same reason. At the Seddulbahr end the fighting still goes on for the heights above Krithia. The trenches are in some places within ten yards of each other.

The Turks are by no means certain that it was the *Majestic* which went down, but one of that type, and still await the English bulletin. They hope it was that ship on account of the accuracy of her shooting. After she sank, all the other battleships withdrew save two, whose rate of fire was increased.

¹ Anzac.

Three new English divisions are said to have arrived at Lemnos. But as the Turks have made good their losses, will these be sufficient?

I had to see Garroni about the Italian Consuls in Syria. He gave me a long talk why Italy was not a "traditore," and sketching the history of the Triple Alliance, brought out all the instances in which Austria and Germany had betrayed Italy. Roumania and Bulgaria were not yet ready for war, he thought, in spite of contrary rumours. The Germans are saying here that even if they go in, and though Constantinople is lost, the fate of Turkey will be decided in Central Europe, where Germany will be victorious. Some of the Turks are very pessimistic about Bulgaria's attitude, but Koloucheff says there is no change in policy. As usual one hears contradictory statements equally precise.

At the Club, Wangenheim put in an appearance to announce the fall of Przemyśl and the torpedoing of an unknown battleship, with details unknown. Every time there is some success he himself announces it.

Later I met Von Spee, who told me that German submarines had just arrived from Cuxhaven. I expressed some doubt, but he positively assured me of this, and said there

were now quite a number here. Some are operating in the Black Sea.

Every German injects politics into the smallest thing. Helene had written Humann, who has charge of naval requisitions, and is almost the most influential German here, to ask him to intercede for three tons of coke belonging to a Greek Charitable Society which provided laundry work for poor women whose husbands were at the war. He wrote her at great length, saying that their husbands, being Christians, were not in the firing line, and that the Turkish Government was not friendly disposed towards the Greeks because of their facilitating Russian espionage and the enemy submarines in the Marmora.

Helene wrote to thank him, remarking that her intention was purely humanitarian and had nothing to do with politics, and finished her letter with the hope soon to have occasion to be of service to him. He could not have understood the veiled wish in this for the Allies' entry, as he obtained the desired permission. He is Enver's bosom friend, and is thought to have engineered the coup of the *Goeben's* bombardment of Sebastopol, which brought Turkey into the war. Humann, who was born in Smyrna, speaks German with a Levantine accent, and knows every language of the East,

has far more *souplesse* than Germans, as a rule. He understands the Turks well, and on one occasion, when Wangenheim resented a demand they had made for the immediate payment of some export tax, he devised a cunning plan to pay one-quarter of this in cash, the rest to go over till the end of the war. The quarter, he knew, would be enough to satisfy those in power, while the balance credited to the State would probably be forgotten.

The Turks are greatly worried over the submarines in the Marmora. They have stopped the service to Prinkipo, and have sent us an urgent note, that if a "Shirket" ¹ should be attacked public opinion here, which was never known to exist, could not be restrained against belligerent subjects, and the Government would also be forced to adopt severe measures. M. believes it a threat to massacre. I think it more a bluff to intimidate. At any rate we are sending it to London and Paris, with a further request to respect certain designated vessels which are to be used for the transport of wounded.

A similar note came from Liman von Sanders at the Dardanelles, who had no business writing directly to an Embassy.

June 4.—Met R., who fears the effect of

¹ The Bosphorus ferry service boats.

German successes in Galicia on Bucarest. A few weeks before his cousin, who is a lady-in-waiting, told him that the King had made up his mind to war, though regarding it as a disagreeable necessity.

But the Roumanians are in no position to withstand singly an Austro-German shock. Unless the Russians rally they dare not move. I suppose the passage of munitions here will be the next sign as to which way the wind blows. Entente reverses are always followed by that.

Went to see Garroni about the Italian Consuls. Wires come repeatedly on this subject, but not a word about their own departure. At Rome they try to be cleverer than the Turks in getting out the Consuls before the Embassy. Enver countered this by saying that no one can leave except from Vourla or here, which means endless delay. There are thousands of Italian reservists here, but I don't think these will get away.

The fall of Przemyśl has elated the Austrians, though it is a little galling for German troops to have captured the place. T. tells me the Austrians have some new heavy howitzers. They have greatly increased their artillery, and instead of four 30.5 mortars, which they had last August, now possess

thirty-four. There are no illusions here as to the war's duration. A year more is the minimum date; only London remains incurably optimistic.

I talked over the effects of war on the United States with M., who agreed with me that it would leave great furrows in the public mind, and rifts of hatred between the German element and the others. No German could for years aspire to high office, nor did he think could any professed anti-German be elected, as the German element would always provide a strong minority.

June 5.—I heard this morning details of the armistice to bury the dead at Ari Bournu. After five days of fighting the ground between the lines was covered with bodies. On the Allied side a Red Cross flag was put up, which was followed by a Red Crescent from the Turks. Then an English officer advanced, only to be fired on by a Turkish battery. He retired, and a Turkish officer came out, when in turn an English sniper fired. Neither side could blame the other. During the nine hours' armistice the English showed themselves freely, while the Turks were kept under cover, not to give away their numbers or the position of their trenches. Some of the wounded whom the Turks picked up were still alive, in spite

of their five days' exposure without food, and with wounds undressed.

From a Turkish source also I heard that when the *Triumph* sank, many of the crew who had jumped overboard were caught in the torpedo-nets and carried down as she turned turtle. It was a horrible sight. The Turkish Commandant, Essad Pasha, of Janina fame, forbade his men to cheer at their enemies' destruction. I was shown a number of photographs lately taken at the Dardanelles of the main base at Ak Bashi, where the English aviators daily drop bombs—one killed sixteen soldiers and wounded forty. The hospital is so close to this base that the Turks have no right to complain if bombs fall near. They are trying to secure respect for their hospital ships, and Liman von Sanders proposes that these be placed under our supervision, but the difficulty will lie in making them stay good. They are easily honest once or twice, but less likely to be so in the long run.

A report comes from a man who has just arrived from Bulgaria that the Sobranye had been summoned in extraordinary session at Sofia to deliberate on the proposals made them by the Entente. How much better it would have been if Italy, Roumania, and Bulgaria

had acted in concert instead of piecemeal. I don't know where the fault lies, but half the efficacy of their action may be lost. Yet the Turks seemed reassured these last two days. Talaat's journey ostensibly to Gallipoli has been to the Bulgarian frontier. This present Government cannot yield over Adrianople, whatever else it does.

T. told me that most of the Austrians had now left Galicia for the Italian front. It is odd that there has been no such explosion of hatred against Italy in the German press as one might have anticipated. It looks as if they might be reserving their late allies for future use, and purposely not sending troops against them.

Talked with S., who is just back from Maan, in Arabia, where he had gone to meet the crew from the *Emden*. The Germans he had seen in Syria were full of confidence that the campaign against Suez would be resumed in October, but this is doubtless bluff. They were busy laying a railway down the Hebron valley, utilizing French material for such construction, and were already, he declared, within two days' camel-march from El Arish. Their main difficulty was water. They had tried artesian wells in many places without success. The only springs were those known since

antiquity, and from these they were laying five-inch pipes with one-inch extensions wherever these were likely to be needed. They had also tried to mine the Suez Canal and succeeded in damaging one transport, but the difficulties were so great that this idea was abandoned.

Most of the Syrian troops are now between Tarsus and Alexandretta, to guard against a landing to cut off Aleppo. S. tried unsuccessfully to get an interview with the captain of the new German submarine which has come from the Kiel Canal. It is also a store ship fitted with a supply of petrol, torpedoes, and an ingenious device for mine-laying by which, when the mine is dropped, water enters automatically to take its place without disturbing the balance. In spite of his pro-Germanism S. disbelieved the tale of ships coming down the Danube, and remarked that whatever route the Germans gave out as being taken by their submarines was pretty certain not to be the one followed. He announced their intention of sending here twenty submarines "to clear the Mediterranean." Meanwhile sceptics believe that one of those in port came in Abdul Hamid's time and remained out of use until lately the Germans put it together.

Colonel P. told me that four more car-loads

of munitions arrived this morning at the Sirkedji.¹ He thinks that the Turkish moral at the Dardanelles is beginning to waver, and the forts are almost destroyed, but I find this hard to believe.

After bridge at R.'s we drove out to Therapia, where we came in for a welcome from the servants, who regarded us as a protection against the soldiers quartered there.

June 6.—Therapia is full of soldiers. They are at the Summer Palace, and in every house except the Z.'s, which we have taken. Just beyond the Italian Embassy is a small sentry-box where a military policeman bars the road for all who are not Moslems. The soldiers are rather a helter-skelter, shabby collection, of varying ages. I noticed four different types of rifles they were using—Mausers, reformed Martinis, Martinis, and very ancient percussion-cap Winchesters, which I suspect did service in our Civil War. Their equipment too is somewhat ragged, and in no way up to that of the troops I had seen hitherto.

The sailors from the *Goeben* also marched by, typical German faces under the Turkish fez. We drove back to town in the late afternoon. At Yenikeui all the houses on the quay, and our old Embassy, were occupied by troops.

¹ Railway station at Constantinople.

At Stenia I saw the *Goeben* snugly anchored, protected from submarines by a string of barges. Close by her were a flotilla of destroyers and torpedo-boats—ten in all. The Stenia cove is an ideal place for them to lie, completely hidden on three sides. All along the road we saw practice trenches, many of which had been filled in again. The whole countryside lends itself admirably to defence. We also passed on the way the transport train of the 6th Army Corps, with its hundreds of carts, open and closed, and thousands of pack horses. Pera was the same, yet one has the feeling that something must have happened. At the Embassy I saw a much-garbled wire for the Italians—probably on purpose, for the cipher clerk had neglected to put two Italian proper names in cipher, and at the telegraph office here they doubtless realized for whom it was, and purposely messed it.

Colonel Marcoff,¹ whom I met at the Italian Embassy, asked me for confirmation of the report that Erzeroum had fallen. A Russian column is now marching on Bitlis in addition to the one which had occupied Van.

June 7.—A. Bey lunched here with his son fresh from the Galata Serai.² The latter

¹ The Bulgarian Military Attaché.

² A Turkish "lycée."

was proud of his nose broken at football and of his athletic tastes—there are six football teams now at the Galata Serai. He is about to begin his military service, but without keenness or wish to fight. A. deplores the atheism of the young generation. He himself often visits his parents' tombs, but feels certain that none of his sons will go to his grave. He is terribly pessimistic over the situation. When I asked him if the fall of Erzeroum was true, he replied that if not to-day it would be to-morrow. Turkey was ruined. It was pleasanter to hear him discourse on the poetry of the East, and of Sultan Abdul Medjid as a lover, begging an unwilling favourite on his knees to open her door, and she refusing out of jealousy. On another occasion when he discovered that one of his wives loved another man, he divorced her to let her marry him, and granted her a rich dowry, while her husband was advanced in the Sultan's service. We spoke of the whirling dervishes, whose dancing was symbolic of divine harmony, and intended to conduce toward inner perfection. He is a lay member of their sect, and though he does not dance, he imitated with his arms the rhythm of their movements.

Colonel M. dined here, and we talked over the recent fighting at the Dardanelles. Five

thousand freshly wounded men arrived to-day, and many more are expected. It will be interesting after the war to know how close our surmises of the campaign have proved correct. We knew some time ago that the Allies were contesting the heights above Krithia. Have their recent reinforcements permitted them to advance beyond this? The air is thick with rumours of great Turkish victories; but the bulletin is vague enough to make one suppose the contrary. The only claim made is that the Allies were driven back to their original positions, and lost eighteen machine guns. The daily communiqué always says that nothing of interest takes place in the other theatres of war. Yet Van has been occupied, Bitlis is threatened, the Russians, if they are not at, are near Erzeroum. An entire province is lost, but officially nothing happens. Enver, against Liman von Sander's advice, threw away an entire army in the Caucasus, and officially nothing happens. The Dardanelles communiqués have repeatedly driven the Allies into the sea. On one occasion the last groups had surrendered, and it was published that not a single enemy remained on the sacred Ottoman soil. Yet they are still there, and the Turks we know up to the recent fighting have lost at least 70,000 men, and been obliged to

abandon their direct line of communication by sea.

X. Bey came in after dinner. He had lately been to see Y. Pasha, the one man universally respected by every one. Discussing this crisis, he asked him why, in company with men like Ghazi Moukhtar, he had not gone to the Sultan to protest against a policy which was leading Turkey to ruin. Y. replied that he had thought of such a course, but the Sovereign was too weak, and they had no elements with which to work. The army was entirely in German hands. On whom could reliance be placed? The country was going to destruction, but nothing could be done. The present crowd courted war both because it suited their temperament of adventurers, and so long as it lasted guaranteed their retention of power. Y. had refused to be associated with them. While he was a high official he was asked to take the Grand Vizierate. On two conditions he replied—free elections and free choice of a Cabinet. This was refused.

June 8.—The King of Greece is lying critically ill. The Greeks here were all elated over the miracle of his apparent recovery. While he lay ill, the Holy Virgin from Tinos was brought to his bedside. He stretched out his hand to touch the eikon, when his abscess

burst, and he was saved. To-day brought news first of his convalescence, and later of his perilous condition. And Sunday the elections take place in Greece. Will it mean Greek aid at the Dardanelles? The recent fighting there has been furious. From a Turkish source I hear that the Allies drove them back ten miles, and then lost all the ground they had gained. It sounds too automatic, but it will be long before we learn the truth. Two more steamers carrying wounded have arrived. They have the red cross painted on their sides, for fear of submarines, which is somewhat galling to present-day Turks who revive crescent fanaticism. A good many of the wounds were caused by bombs thrown from aeroplanes. The latter especially are feared, for they are without reply.

I called in the afternoon on Z. Pasha. He looked almost unchanged from when I first knew him nine years ago—the same courteous, impassive, and wooden Turkish gentleman of the old school. We spoke mostly of personalities and generalities, for I did not like to tread on controversial ground. But he expressed a curious wish that the war would end, no matter how. Like all Turks of his training, he is little in sympathy with the present set. When I remarked that many who once spoke English seem now to have forgotten it, he said it would

be the same for French if they could, but after the war knowledge would return. Yet there is far less hatred for the French here owing to German influence. Göppert, the German councillor, told me that when he was at the war the soldiers had only sympathy for the French, hatred for the English, contempt for the Russians. When I remarked that this hatred was mostly behind the lines, he said it was the same at the front. It was due, he thought, to the nonchalant demeanour of English officers when brought in as prisoners, and to the use of dum-dums. I denied this, but he said he had seen hundreds himself while he was fighting. He said the "cut off" in the English rifle, which allowed it to be converted at will from a single shot to a repeater, was used to nick the cartridges, and most German soldiers thought it intended only for that purpose. He admired immensely French patriotism, and particularly Joffre. Hindenburg was to him the one great man on the German side—a kind of educated Bluecher. Yet I was surprised to hear from him that he deserved little credit for his first victory at Tannenburg, where he had only taken over the command three days before, and the plans for which were due entirely to his predecessor, Prittwitz. Göppert, who is a typical Prussian, speaks of war as a kind of sport.

Those who are neurasthenic, lose their neurasthenia. Every one was cured of his ailments. I remarked that it should be continued on hygienic grounds.

June 9.—A rumour has circulated here of peace negotiations conducted at the Dardanelles, first by Marshal Fuad, and continued by Talaat, but these were broken off, as the English demanded not only the free passage of the Straits, but the unconditional surrender of Constantinople. I do not believe a word of it, for the Germans would never consent. The whole story hangs on Talaat's visit, and the resulting attack begun at midday instead of dawn. It was simultaneous at Seddulbahr and Ari Bournu. At the first place, Koloucheff related to me the same tale of the Allies advancing ten miles, and then being driven back to their original positions. At Ari Bournu, however, they had made great progress, and were at Eski Keui. But the Turks were trying to drive them back, as they had done once before. The losses have been enormous on both sides. Little by little the Turks are concentrating all their forces here. More troops from Syria have been recalled, and others from Bagdad are on the way. The Allies too have reinforcements coming. From a German source I heard that the French fleet was lately seen south of Crete

convoying numerous transports—but they were still in the dark as to whether these were meant for the Dardanelles or Syria, though I believe the former. Koloucheff, who is most in touch with Enver, says that the latter has now given orders to take no prisoners. Certainly there are no reports of any, but it may also be that they spread the tales of “no quarter” to excuse their lack of success, preferring to be taken for savages than for incompetents.

Enver could not understand why we should want to see the prisoners at Afioun Karahissar. But when he heard that this was done in every other country, he said he would consider the matter. He was serene as always. Even when he returned from the Caucasus, where an entire army had been lost by his fault, he seemed perfectly happy, and went the same evening to a concert. He is no longer worried over Bulgaria. It looks as if their mutual agreement still held good. The Greeks, he said, wish to enter, but no one wants them. The only pre-occupation he feels is over Roumania. X. told me, “*Nous poursuivons une politique de voyou, voilà ce que c'est que d'avoir des dynasties étrangères.*” He lays the blame on Bratiano, who cannot make up his mind. The negotiations with Russia were

ill-conceived and badly begun. The result has led to grave discontent.

S. Bey called, indignant over his son's treatment in the cadet school, and expressing his readiness to do anything to get him out of it. The boy is quartered in filthy surroundings, without running water or decent food, and ordered about by hectoring sergeants. He spoke to me with disgust about men of standing and education and tolerance, who now proclaim their fanaticism and hatred of the Giaour. He could not get over this. He meant the Grand Vizier.

June 10.—Another mission left for Afghanistan, consisting of a turbaned deputy from Aidin named Obeidullah, who has had a harum-scarum career, which included a pedlar's pack in America, and a general called Suleyman. Each was given two thousand pounds and packed off. Aleppo is to become the centre of Pan-Islamic agitation, and Baron Oppenheim is shortly leaving for there. He will probably himself not venture beyond, but remains there to send others. The Porte has apologized for inciting Moslems to attack the Dutch at Java, and called it an oversight. The proclamation in which this appeared has fallen flat.

There are growing signs of anarchy in the administration. At Adrianople the Governor,

Hadji Adil, attempted to assess each community in purely arbitrary fashion. The Bulgars and the Jews appealed to Koloucheff, the Bulgarian Minister, who succeeded in staving off the tax. Here too we have signs of disorganization. Within three days came two contradictory notes from the Porte, the one asking us to obtain by telegraph the recognition of the *Gul Nihal* as a hospital ship, the other confirming a previous note which stated it was no longer so used. The Turks are more afraid of Bulgaria than of England or France. The latter have done their worst, without so far hurting them, while the Bulgars are still remembered at Chataldja. But Koloucheff repeats and insists that his country's policy remains neutral. There is vast bitterness at Sofia against every one, and the Bulgars feel themselves Ishmaelites. I asked Koloucheff whether he did not think that Venizelos, if successful in the elections on Sunday, would come to terms over Cavalla. He was inclined to doubt it. He regards Venizelos as a great man, but while pretending to be for Balkanic confederation, is in reality against it, his pretensions rendering it impossible, and though he talked otherwise, he would abandon nothing. Koloucheff was insistent and indignant about the charge of munitions passing through Bulgaria. He staked his head it was untrue.

Colonel Marcoff speaks the same way. Yet guns and munitions have lately arrived, though it is possible that they come only from Adrianople, where the last forts are being dismantled, and even the telephone apparatus taken down. When the Turks have thoroughly stripped themselves, the Bulgars will walk in.

A transport has been sunk in the Marmora. Of 800 on board, soldiers discharged from the hospitals and again sent to the front, only 150 were saved! Some wounded on their way here witnessed the disaster—thousands of more wounded have come. The losses have been immense!

June 11.—I saw the *Breslau* on her return from the Black Sea, passing Therapia at full speed at half-past four o'clock this morning. Later, seeing her from the Embassy, she looked as if her forward gun was missing. Both dead and wounded were removed from her, so she had been in action. The time of her absence from port made it likely that she had gone to Soungouldak, and perhaps had a brush with Russian destroyers. The latter are active, but their bombardment is not always thorough, and colliers sheltered by the jetty wall go unscathed. Within the last three weeks about twenty thousand tons of coal had arrived from there, which a more rigid surveillance could

have prevented. Whenever a bombardment takes place the Turks at once send out colliers, with the idea that by starting promptly they can finish their loading before the Russians have time to arrive again.

The day's sensation is provided by the published reasons for Bryan's resignation. I had prophesied three months ago that the submarines would lead to a break with Germany. Captain W. complains that all his German friends save Von Spee cold shoulder him at the Club. Koloucheff called to ask about Wilson's note. He thought it would have a considerable effect in the Balkans, and already he observed a change in Bulgaria. After having made up their mind to preserve neutrality they were now wavering again. The moral impression caused on neutrals would be decisive, for the latter appreciated that we desired nothing, and if we went to war it was for a principle. In his judgment the war would not last six months after our intervention.

I asked him about the Dardanelles, as he usually has information from Enver, and though coloured, it is more detailed than the generalities one hears elsewhere. The English had been driven back from Eski Keui, but still retained the heights above Ari Bournu, and now had control of the water supply for which

they had so long been fighting. The Germans had all along contended that the absence of water would be fatal to their success. The Turks admit 6000 killed in the last few days and twice as many wounded, but from a fair Turkish source I hear their losses have been 43,000! The fighting is again going on with fierce severity. One can prophesy a great Turkish victory to-night. It is the anniversary of the capture of Constantinople which they have just begun to celebrate, and they always like successes for such events. A friend to whom I mentioned this says he met one of the Censors, who related to him that the victory had been written up two days ago!

I went to the Girls' College by launch from Top Hané, where a battery was posted and sentinels were on watch against submarines. Afterward I walked over to Stenia, following the water's edge. Close to Stenia, where the *Goeben* lay with her boom of barges, a naval sentry challenged me, and I had to turn inland. The view of the *Goeben* was impeded by hoardings, patrolled by sentries, but one could see the big ship perfectly snug in her tight cove. Behind her I counted only seven torpedo craft instead of ten as before.

June 12.—Oddly enough, the papers have not published any victory, nor mentioned Ari

Bournu. Yet fighting goes on there. Inference points to an Allied advance, for they would have clutched at the slightest semblance of success. The official " Milli " Agency has been extremely quiet. We are no longer in the good days when the heroic Sergeant Mehmet Chaoush drove the first landing party away by pelting them with stones, after which they organized a national subscription in his honour. We did read the other day of one brave patriot who, lying wounded, and not wishing to receive anything from his countries' enemies, refused a glass of water which an English officer, imitating Philip Sidney, tendered him during an armistice.

The fatalism of the East seems more in imagination than in act. One is rather impressed by the nervous apprehension and timidity of the Turkish population than by any stoical resignation. If this ever existed it has largely disappeared, and I fancy the remaining virtues of Turkish soldiery come more from docility and obedience than from either fatalism or the keen desire for victory. With the civilians there is downright fear, which has made many of them abandon their habitual pleasure trips because of submarines. People now cross the Bosphorus as though they were embarking on a dangerous journey, and

the ferry-boats' railings are heavy with life-belts.

The Sultan did not attend yesterday's celebration at the Conqueror's Mosque. It had been his custom on this occasion to cross to Stamboul by boat, and he did not like to risk this or manifest nervousness by resorting to a carriage. So he preferred the legend of his illness to be circulated. A wire had been sent by Djemal from Jerusalem asking that his name might be associated with that of the Conqueror in prayer. People wonder where Djemal's ambitions will lead him. He stays away from Constantinople while great events are being decided, although the Syrian army is stripped to a skeleton. Is it for later events in Anatolia?

June 13.—There are fewer soldiers at Therapia than last week, and those are untrained. Many are Arabs from Mesopotamia. The defences of the Empire are being concentrated here for the final resistance, but the men one sees are no longer properly armed nor equipped. In the afternoon I heard the sound of distant firing, and from the terrace above could see smoke lifting from the Black Sea. But it was only an exchange of shots with Russian ships and not a regular bombardment. The dead from the *Breslau* have been buried in the garden

of the German Embassy here. But I could not discover how many there were, for everything is kept secret.

Returning to town, I found that the German Embassy had approached us to cable Washington to protest about the torpedoing without warning of the two Rickmers steamers in the Marmora. One of these was said to be filled with wounded, but their note neglected to say that these had been discharged from the hospital and were again on their way back to the Dardanelles. One cannot but be struck by the German inability to understand our position over the *Lusitania*. The Turkish press has begun to discuss the likelihood of our rupture. Their articles are not enlightening, and mainly consist in utterly distorting the question, while stating that our entrance into the war will free Germany from the inconveniences arising from our previous neutrality. Though we break with Germany, hostilities with Turkey need not follow. Personally I think the Turks would rather welcome these than otherwise; their idea would be that we can do them no harm, while they are able to get rid of American missionaries and seize our institutions. The day of reckoning may be close, but the Turks have never bothered about anything not imminent.

Two Russian ships have bombarded Sam-soun and caused considerable damage.

June 14.—There are frequent rumours that the Sultan has had a stroke and is very ill. Here everything, and especially Palace news, is carefully guarded, so it is impossible to verify. There is reason for mystery if the current gossip be true that the Committee does not want Yussuf Izeddin on the throne and are planning to alter the law of succession.

Hassan, our best kavass, has returned from Afioun Karahissar, where he was allowed to hand over the relief to the prisoners, mostly from the submarines—there were sixty-five English and thirty-four French. Unfortunately not quite enough money was sent, so the officers contented themselves with ninety piastres apiece, while the men each received a pound. The officers, he reports, are quite comfortable in a large house with a garden half the size of the British Embassy garden here, while a “medressé”¹ has been utilized for the men. The climate of the place is good, and there is no present ground for complaint. Once prisoners are behind the lines they are all right, but I feel very uncertain about the fate of two hundred French colonial infantry captured the first day at Kumkaleh. W. was told that along with

¹ A theological seminary.

the battalion escorting them they came under the fire of a French warship and were completely destroyed. L. heard that the Laze soldiers insisted on massacring prisoners—this from a Turkish source. The reports of no quarter have been too frequent.

A horrible report of suffering came from an American surgeon at Erzeroum. Illness and wounds not being enough, men have perished literally of starvation in the hospital. It was so congested that the wounded were told to tramp on foot to Erzingian, and many lay down on the roadside to die. Every night those who died in the hospital would be buried in a pit, and often the dying as well were thrown in. He mentioned cases of Russian wounded stripped of clothing in the winter months and dying of exposure. I have rarely read a more terrible account of misery. From every side arrive painful dispatches. Aleppo is full of Armenian villagers from the Zeitoun, expelled from their homes and sent elsewhere to perish—the authorities care little where, so long as they break up these communities. Even the name of Zeitoun is to disappear, and has been altered to Suleymanieh, to give it a Moslem sound.

It looks as if the break between Turkey and Italy might come from the Cilician coast, as the Consuls are to be whisked away before the

Ambassador, who is always certain of immunity. An Italian warship was sent to Adalia to embark the Consul, but this was refused, and he was told to leave either from Vourla, near Smyrna, or Constantinople. Garroni is instructed to insist, but his position is delicate, and he prefers to break frankly with the Turks than over a subterfuge. They are a little concerned in leaving us their interests, as since the *Lusitania* note it is by no means certain that we will stay here through the war.

June 15.—The Sultan is worse. He has uræmia and albumen, and at his age and with his corpulence little hope is entertained. Prof. Israel has been sent for from Berlin and is now on his way. Meanwhile Yussuf Izeddin¹ has discarded his motor car and shows himself daily in the streets in an open carriage. He is very frightened of being passed over, and wants to prove his existence. Without the genuinely good qualities and personal kindness of the present sovereign, he is supposed to have his negativeness and should be a tool in the hands of the Committee.

A great fire to-day raged in the Salih Bazar quarter. No one has any more coal, and it broke out, from a gas stove, at midday, and spread swiftly through that quarter where the

¹ The Heir Presumptive.

old wooden houses fed the flames. I watched the spectacle from the French Embassy terrace. Even at that distance one could feel the heat. House after house was destroyed without the firemen's hose being able to stop it. The hill above Top Hané was crowded with refugees who had gathered such effects they could save. At one time the Italian hospital was threatened, and we made arrangements to move the sick to our own, but the wind fortunately changed in the nick of time to save it. There are hundreds of homeless people, and more destitution. When will calamities cease here!

I met the Spanish Minister greatly excited because the Germans told him of their indifference if we went to war. I remarked there was the drunkenness of force, just as of alcohol. F. Bey had also heard that we were about to fight the Germans. If it comes to war, it will certainly mean leaving here, for the Turks will use it as an excuse to seize the schools. Wangenheim makes no secret of this, and it is sufficiently obvious. Turkish rumour has it that Adrianople is ceded to Bulgaria as the price of its neutrality, the Germans acting as the dishonest brokers. It seems incredible for this Government to consent to such a cession, yet nothing is now impossible.

This morning twenty Armenians were

hanged at the Seraskierat. The whole affair is mysterious, and the versions circulated are conflicting, but the most plausible, related by a senator, is that it concerns an old conspiracy against Talaat, and that the men executed have been in prison for a year.

I called on the Grand Rabbi to show him a wire from Jerusalem regarding the proposed expulsion of the wives and children of the Russian Jews there. Widows and unmarried women of belligerent origin may become Ottomans, but will even then be deported into the interior. Such are the advantages of Turkish citizenship! He will bring it up before Talaat, but with little hope of success, as the measure has been contemplated for a long time. He told me he understood the Government's unwillingness to allow Palestine to become a "Russian Vilayet."

June 14.—Yesterday's fire was far more extensive than at first supposed—700 houses at least have been burned down. The muzzled local press alludes to it only by saying that thanks to the firemen it was promptly extinguished, and devotes more attention to the burning of Dunrobin Castle in Scotland. The people regard it as a kind of visitation for the hanging of so many innocent Armenians. To-day there has been another fire in the Kassim Pasha quarter.

Went to Robert College commencement to hear the students make various addresses in all the tongues of the East. It has always seemed to me a mistake encouraging eloquence and rhetoric among boys who are naturally too prone in that direction. D., who was there, told me he had been to the German Embassy in the morning, where they were bitter against Americans and myself in particular.

Nothing has come in yet about the Greek elections, but the silence looks as if they were favourable to Venizelos. There are ugly charges about of the Greek Government favouring the German submarines, and allowing these to pass through the Corinth Canal and establish a base at Volo. I find it hard to believe, but immense efforts have been made of late in Greece. The King and, to a certain extent, the army are pro-German, and some of the politicians as well are in a spirit of opposition. Here it is the contrary among Greeks. They have suffered too much, and, rightly or wrongly, all repressive measures are usually laid by the Turks at the German door. The requisitions too have been used as confiscations. A Greek doctor told Helene yesterday that his son-in-law, a prosperous woollen merchant, had been utterly ruined in a day, by having all his stock seized. Even receipts when given are valueless.

The most important development is now awaited from Bulgaria. Koloucheff called to say he was leaving at once for Sofia, the reason being his wife's confinement, though it is her third child. The news here is that Adrianople is completely evacuated, even the railway archives having been removed, and report has it that the Bulgars are to occupy the place within a few days. I heard on good authority that lately arrived Syrian troops are being sent toward the Bulgarian frontier instead of to the Dardanelles. This afternoon the official "Agence Milli" speaks of Radoslavoff's negotiations with the Quadruple Entente, and the basis of cessions from Serbia include Monastir and Okhrida. The news, true or false, is less important now than the reason for its publication. Is it to prepare opinion for a rupture, or for a cession of Adrianople? There is some hidden motive which we shall probably fathom in the next few days. The censorship is rarely purposeless, and one has to forecast events by taking statements at their opposite value.

June 17.—Continued uncertainty and obscurity, with little idea of what is going on. From Athens comes news of Venizelos' triumph, but here the press is not allowed to publish this, and still talks as if Gounaris had the

majority. The manœuvre is puerile, for every one knows the contrary, and every Greek in town rejoices, without daring to mention his name in the street—for the street as well as the drawing-room is infested with spies, and conversations overheard lead to the court-martial. Thus, an unknown woman called as a patient on a Greek doctor here. She asked him for news, and he mentioned the fact that the Sultan was ill. Two hours later he was arrested. The service of female espionage is especially well organized, and even a young girl one meets everywhere is said to belong to this.

Two Armenian deputies, Zohrab and Vartkes, have been arrested, and, because they fear sympathy for them in the town, are being sent into the interior for what is called trial.¹ Yet before the war Vartkes was hand in glove with the Committee, and counted many Turkish friends. Meanwhile more hangings are promised, and we have gallows in place of the guillotine. The people are thoroughly cowed, and all public talk on political topics has to be avoided. I have cautioned the servants to be most careful in what they say.

¹ Both were murdered. The official report read that one died of heart disease, the other of a fall from his horse. As a Turk, with grim humour, remarked of the latter, it was likely enough that when shot he should have fallen from his horse.

The Italian Government evidently intends to keep the Embassy here for the present and use it as a kind of club, to facilitate the departure of all Italians by threatening a rupture. Meanwhile their position is not enviable, and they are daily insulted in the press, where stories of Italian troops running away are published. The situation cannot long go on this way, and some incident to end it is bound to crop up. In case of rupture the Italians are to turn over to us Montenegrin as well as Russian interests.

June 18.—The Italian Government does not want a rupture with Turkey, as it would remain a paper war. So long as they need all their strength against Austria and a possible German offensive as well, they are right not to divert any troops here; and a mere break without military accompaniment would expose Italians in Turkey to unnecessary persecution. It is not unlikely, if the Russians are driven out of Galicia, that the next offensive will be against Italy. The Galician campaign has been as much political as military, and already has put a quietus on Roumania. Even those most in favour of intervention now believe that the time is not yet ripe. The Roumanians are in a vicious circle. If they enter now they could obtain all they want, but would run the

risk of being crushed by the German-Austrian wave. If they wait for the Russians to reform, their intervention will no longer be necessary, and the Bukowina and the Banat will slip. Prudence and ambition are at the parting of the ways—both at Bucarest and at Sofia.

There are fresh rumours that Bulgaria is about to stir. With Venizelos in power an arrangement with Greece will be easier to make. The harvest will soon be reaped, and in an agricultural community this has an important influence. We have little direct news here, but there are persistent reports of Turkish dissatisfaction, and troops are again being sent to Adrianople after the place had been completely ungarnished. Yet there cannot be many to spare. A rough estimate of their number since mobilization is as follows: At the Dardanelles, 130,000; in Thrace, 30,000; at Constantinople and Chataldja, 20,000; on the Bosphorus, 20,000; in the Caucasus, 60,000; at Bagdad and the Persian Gulf, 20,000; Syria, 30,000; Aleppo and Mersine, 30,000; Smyrna district, 30,000; gendarmerie, 30,000; at the depôts, 50,000; scattered, 30,000. The losses may be estimated approximately as follows: Caucasus, 140,000, of whom more than half by disease; the Dardanelles, so far, 100,000; Persian Gulf, 10,000; Suez Campaign, 10,000.

The total brings the army to over 700,000, which is about what they have been able to equip. There are still abundant reserves of men, but are there of other things?

More dispatches have come about the Armenians. From the Zeitoun district 62,000 have been expelled, obliged to abandon all their belongings at a moment's notice, and sent destitute to starve. Most of them are women and children, for the men had been drafted into the army. Many of the women gave birth on the roadside and left their babies to die!

June 19.—Enver lately spoke in high terms of the Armenians, but justified the persecution on the ground of military necessity. He intimated that there might soon be a change in their favour. The fact is that the Committee fears the Armenians. As Talaat had said openly, the Tashnakists¹ know our secrets and are the only ones able to do us harm. Meanwhile the threat of the Triple Entente to hold this Government personally responsible is without effect. The Grand Vizier was angry and nervous, for all his property lies in Egypt; but the others have been indifferent to it, and go on with their hangings. Enver mentioned a Turkish advance in the Caucasus, but said nothing more about driving the Allies into the

¹ An Armenian political organization.

sea. He has given up predicting. Private news from the Dardanelles is that progress has been made, and quite a number of Turkish prisoners taken. The fact that the papers here should be full of reports regarding the abundance of munitions is rather a bad sign. They are now advertising the presence of Krupp workmen at Constantinople. But they have ordered all 6-inch shells in the Trebizond district to be dispatched here by motor-boats, and 15,000 soldiers are to be sent from that neighbourhood. Men are drafted supposedly from seventeen to fifty, but they include mere boys and old men. Throughout the empire men are being summoned for the defence of the Capital. Every day one sees new troops in the streets, mostly an ill-equipped, sorry-looking lot.

There is a lull in events and again one has the impression something is brooding, for a kind of anxious unrest hangs over the place. The papers no longer speak of Sofia or Athens, which is a bad sign for the Turks. No chief of mission of any Balkan state is here now, and since Koloucheff has left the Germans and Austrians express satisfaction. Turkish diplomatic activity as usual is kept more than secret, but there are signs of apprehension.

The Sultan's operation is to be postponed for another week, if it ever takes place. His age, his corpulence and general condition do not seem favourable to success. Apparently he is up, and receives in audience, but his health is bad. He took a child's delight the other day in receiving an Iron Cross from the Kaiser.

June 20.—The Turkish press has begun a campaign against the English use of asphyxiating gases, which is a sign that they intend utilizing them. If their enemies return to mediæval warfare, they have no reason to complain if similar methods are adopted. "The civilization of the Allies exists only in empty phrases." The Turks have long ago attempted to spread the legend of the dum-dum, though none of our surgeons working among their wounded have yet found any. Captain W. showed me the other day the jacket of an English bullet which after passing through the thigh of a man had mushroomed and resembled the photographs of so-called dum-dums circulated here. They probably mistook, in good faith or in bad, some similar bullet for what the Germans have told them are dum-dums.

I walked with Garroni to Nishantash. On our way we met W., who had just returned from Wangenheim. The latter is unwell and almost

a nervous wreck. Garroni related to me that on July 15 last, the date of his birthday, Wangenheim, who had returned from Berlin the day before, called to congratulate him. He told him that the Emperor, alarmed by the Russian military preparations, had summoned a conference of ambassadors, generals, and leaders of industry. War had been irrevocably decided. The Archduke's murder was to furnish the pretext. An ultimatum would be presented to Serbia of a nature which she could not accept, and war would be declared forty-eight hours later. The German reasoning took into account the immediate crushing of France. There was greater uncertainty about England. Italy would be forced by German victory to fight with her. Such was the programme.

Garroni told me that, freshly arrived here, he did not like to wire this hearsay news to Rome, in spite of its source, as he was sure that his colleague in Berlin must have done so. During the days of apparent lull which followed, he was glad not to have done so, convinced that Wangenheim must have been mistaken. The Emperor's yachting trip to Norway, as was intended, misled Europe with the belief that nothing was impending. Rome remained in ignorance when the storm burst, and could do no more than declare her non-participation.

"If my telegram had been sent," Garroni said to me, "its publication would have furnished the clearest proof that the so-called attempts on the Emperor's part to keep the peace were all humbug."

M., back from a ride with Enver in the forest of Belgrade, found him confident as always of the impregnability of the Dardanelles and of Turkey. "Even if Bulgaria moves," he said, "and Bulgaria cannot remain neutral, all means have been taken to resist her." His calm confidence is impressive. Koloucheff hinted at a kind of mystic insanity in his nature. Yet this confidence saved the day here when every one else had lost their heads after the Caucasus disaster. At present Enver is occupied in money making. He uses his wife's fortune to buy land in Anatolia, and has lately purchased vast estates near Konia. The best agricultural land in Anatolia can now be bought for two piastres a *deunum*, he said, and he urged his friends to buy with him. His ambitions have perhaps not yet reached their zenith. He now aspires to wealth after having been born poor. He related that his mother was eleven years of age, his father sixteen when they married. His own life has been one series of adventures, and he has paradoxically achieved success through unsuccess, for his military adventures, whether

in Tripoli, in the Balkan War, or in the Caucasus, have all been failures. But his courage and self-confidence have thus far been successful in a land where both virtues are rare, while he hitches his chariot to the German star. Add to that impartiality as an administrator—he removed his closest relations from office when they were found incompetent—and also a certain capacity for handling affairs though he never has a memorandum. He remains a type of Oriental leader who may reach any height or die in the dust. He himself is said to expect assassination. If he escapes it, those who know him best believe he aspires to a crown and aims to establish his own dynasty after the present Sultan has passed away, or possibly after his successor proves his unfitness.

June 21.—This morning a surprise awaited the various Entente attachés who remain at the Embassy—all received notice from the police to leave the country within forty-eight hours. One of these was in tears, the others took it more calmly. At the Italian Embassy the remaining Russians received similar notices. The reason given is a reprisal against the recent English action in deporting or interning all belligerent subjects. We had received an open wire the other day from London that the harmless archivist of the Turkish Embassy

could no longer stay there, and asking where he was to go. Of course the Turks pounced on this as an excuse, and one can hardly blame them so far as the English are concerned. In London they forgot that, while there are practically no Turks there, and the only Ottomans are Armenians and Greeks, who hate the Turks, there are plenty of English here who can be made to suffer. The Embassy will try to oppose it more because of its likely ramifications than for the matter itself. M. took it up in the afternoon with the Grand Vizier, who was delighted to have a chance of showing his authority. So far as C.'s expulsion was concerned he proved inexorable, and the proposal to secure a rescinding of the order in England was dismissed with a "Let them do what they like; we don't care." He was somewhat more tractable over the unfortunate French, Belgian, and Serbian representatives, though promising nothing. There was a certain feeling against L., who is charged with having assisted the priests, though the real reason is that he has too many Turkish friends. The Grand Vizier acknowledged that the police had no business to send such communications directly to officials attached to the Embassy, and said we should hear again from the Porte. His tone, as well as Talaat's, was extremely confident. Indeed,

the most significant feature of the measure is the confidence denoted. The Turks are cocky. They have no apprehension about the Dardanelles. They are elated at the Russian disaster in Galicia, and they are reassured over Bulgaria. The air is full of rumours of agreement with Sofia. I hardly believe the latter, but I did hear more credibly that the Bulgarian reply to the Entente was evasive, and I gather they are not in fear of them here for the present. At Bucarest all is quiet. Roumania hides its head in the ground.

At the Club I chatted with Ismet, the Prefect of the City, over the future of Islamic art and its capacity to conform itself to modern requirements. Much could be made of it, but he regarded the style as too expensive. He was full of projects of new roads to be built, but all had to be delayed till after the war. I asked about the art treasures at Kerbela, which I suspect he would like to bring here to the museum of the Evkaf. He believes in such concentration, mainly because of the fear of robbery if kept in the provinces.

June 22.—The topic of the day is the expulsions of the attachés. Those concerned are to sleep at the Embassy to avoid a before dawn perquisition by the police. For Bedri, our energetic Prefect of Police, delighted to

show his authority, promised as much. In the afternoon Enver was approached on the subject. He acknowledged at once that the form in which the order had been delivered was wrong, but justified the measure on other grounds. The men in question had been followed by the secret police, and it was known whom they saw and that they were sending information to their Governments. This discovery has been made after eight months of war! Enver went on to say that he could either have had them brought before the court-martial or expelled. He did neither, but merely rescinded the previous permission by which they had been attached to the Italian Embassy and our own. They should therefore leave. S., who, as a Russian, is most hated, goes on Thursday, C., Friday, and L. and D. on the following Tuesday; the inoffensive Baron H., who can at a pinch produce passports from three different countries, still later. The measure becomes ludicrous where the Belgian dragoman is concerned.

Colonel P. retailed to me the Dardanelles gossip. All agree over the hard fighting, for many new wounded have arrived, but the details furnished, doubtless by Galata imagination, cover a new landing near Gallipoli, another landing on the Asiatic side, and a fresh advance from Seddulbahr. It is impossible to attach faith

to anything when we do not even know in whose hands Krithia lies, or whether the Allies have established themselves at Atchi Baba. P. was emphatic that troops had been sent to Kirk Kilisse, and again to Adrianople, doubtless to exert pressure on the half-baked negotiations with Bulgaria. But Colonel M., whose judgment is more sober, was less positive. We sat yesterday evening discussing the military situation, but knowledge of facts is too incomplete. M.'s opinion of Enver is not high. He regards him as courageous, patriotic, and adroit, but with no military capacity. After he left Cyrenaica, the Arab resistance proved far more difficult to overcome.

June 23.—Again come reports of stern fighting at the Dardanelles. We know now that the Allies have brought up heavy artillery. I did hear from a supposedly competent source, that if more reinforcements came the possibility of an indefinite defence was no longer certain. In London and Paris they are confident. Here they are equally so. One cannot help being puzzled as to the reason for the enterprise once it became so difficult. Has the future of Constantinople and the Straits been settled beforehand? Are the present English and French sacrifices made to turn everything over to Russia? I hear that nothing

is settled yet. The Balkan States would hate such a solution, and the Germans at Bucarest have not been slow to point out this danger, hiring Roumanian professors to lecture on it. P., with whom I discussed it, hints at Constantinople being given jointly to the Balkan powers, but this is a purely Greek fancy. Russia, of course, wants the Straits above everything; and internationalization, while it might guarantee others from entering the Black Sea, would not permit her to go out at will. Meanwhile one high diplomat here firmly believes that England intends keeping the Gallipoli peninsula as an insurance. There is a general idea prevailing here, that England and France have undertaken the job as a kind of guarantee against Russia making a separate peace. Now that she is beaten in Galicia the Germans are full of the peace idea and doubtless ready to offer good terms. One Minister, whose information comes generally from the German Embassy, said here at dinner last night he knew positively that private negotiations were about to begin. The chorus is that Russia has been crushed and cannot put another army into the field for a long time. Certainly her retreat has been phenomenally rapid. Does it mean that the Germans can now turn in overwhelming numbers against the Western

front, or the Italians? The idea is plausible, but perhaps less easy to realize. They were exhausted after the rapid march to the Marne. Will the Galician campaign prove less tiring?

There are more reports of growing ill-feeling between Turks and Germans. The former complain that they are sent to attack while the Germans remain in safe places. "Who ever heard of a German officer being killed at the Dardanelles?" a Turkish officer said. In spite of this the antagonism will only remain skin deep just so long as the Turks are confident or still need German aid. In adversity or in victory it will be otherwise. In the former event particularly I should not care to be in German boots. "We have not thrown off six masters to exchange them for one," an official said lately. From the provinces as well come reports of the same ill-feeling.

June 24.—The Sultan was operated on this morning and two large stones removed from his bladder. The customary bulletin about the complete success of the operation has been published. But to-morrow's festivity is countermanded, and it will be days before anything is known. Meanwhile the heirs throng the Palace. The Committee hints that Yussuf Izeddin, next in succession, is not of right

mind.¹ After him comes Vahid-eddin, who is said to have an imperious will and a hatred of those in power. He has little chance just now, and the Committee's favourite is Medjid. But it will be difficult to pass over the normal laws of succession.

Garroni called, worried over his nationals at Alexandretta, whom the Turks will not allow to leave. The Italian situation is curious. The Embassy remains to facilitate their citizens' departure, threatening otherwise the direct consequences. The Turks do not relish a break, but would like to retain the Italians as hostages. So they fix impossible ports of departure like Vourla, and as all travel is stopped except by military trains, they make their leaving practically out of the question. How long can this last?

The poor English prisoners at Afioun Karahissar are still without the books we collected for them here. After sending everything in accordance with the Porte's advice there was no Censor there to read English, so all the novels have been returned here till some Turk passes on them. The thing is outrageous, but there is nothing to do. There is no bureau of prisoners here, and while at the Porte they quote the text of Hague Conventions, by

¹ He was "suicided" eight months later.

sheer mismanagement they make everything difficult for the comfort of the prisoners. They love to contrast the liberty enjoyed by the civilian prisoners in a hell-hole like Ourfa with their captivity in concentration camps in Europe, but neglect to add that they do not feed their civilian prisoners. Every day we receive wires of inquiry from England and Australia, if men missing at the Dardanelles have been captured. But it is difficult to find out even this. Practically no prisoners have been taken. Enver explained it the other day saying that most of the fighting was with the bayonet, but far worse things are hinted. The Turks say they photographed some of the dead and may be able to identify them in this way.

The last English bulletin I have seen is not very encouraging. To lay stress on an attack by fifty men is hardly worth while. The artists who compose war bulletins are rarely psychologists and do not understand the value of silence when they have only trifles to relate.

June 25.—Koloucheff has returned from Sofia—talkative, but little communicative. He was curious to learn what had taken place in his absence, and I related to him Enver's pronouncement about the impossibility of protracted neutrality for Bulgaria and the possibility of her joining Turkey to reoccupy Macedonia.

"He is crazy," was his only comment. I gather he thinks that Bulgaria will later come in with the Allies. Meanwhile the Turks are bluffing in sending a few thousand men to Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, most of whom are without rifles. As they know Bulgaria has no immediate intention of moving, they do this to impress domestic opinion. He told me that Greeks and Serbs were both engaged now in occupying as much of Albania as possible. A Greek colonel who had been ordered to march to a certain point, delayed, and on arriving there, finding he had already been forestalled by the Serbians, committed suicide in Japanese style.

When Enver lately visited the American Red Crescent hospital, he made a speech to the men urging them to get well, but speaking of the enemies' perfidious use of dum-dums, which is a lie. The men are in no hurry to leave. Two of them, about to be discharged fit for service, began to spit blood. As their appetite was good and they had no fever, the doctors investigated and found they had scratched their gums. The dum-dum lie is not the only one. The German newspaper here in a long article contrasted the chivalrous conduct of their submarines with the inhumanity of the British, whom they state have attempted to

torpedo hospital ships, which every one knows here is untrue.

I visited the Persian Ambassador, who spoke to me of his early life and absence of education. "I am of good family," he said, "what elsewhere would be called a royal family. Half my life was spent either on military duty or else as a provincial governor, and no one who has not been there can know what the Persian provinces are." It was not till he was thirty-eight and appointed a diplomat to Berlin that he realized that the humblest attaché of other nations was better educated. He tried to remedy this first by studying grammar, but soon found this inadequate. He then turned to philosophy and pursued this for five years. But not possessing the necessary groundwork, all was without avail. "I find my life a failure, and, approaching death, realize how little use I have been to my country." He was deeply pessimistic. He said that, like himself, there were only four or five men in Persia able to be of use. I urged him that now was the time to act, and the only action could come through friendly methods. Persia was better situated now to obtain anything than before or hereafter.

England was friendly disposed, but subordinated her own desires to those of Russia. The key to the situation was at Petrograd, and

the attempt should now be made, in my judgment, to arrive at a definite understanding there. While abandoning nominal rights, they could preserve Persia's cultural independence and ensure the continuance of her civilization. The important thing was to arrange this amicably with the better elements in Russia. He entirely agreed, but hinted where the trouble lay. His son-in-law, he told me, who had twenty thousand pounds a year from his estates on the Caspian, had been reduced practically to beggary by having these extorted from him by Russians. In Persia, he said, every one was Russophobe and Anglophile. Schuster's name, he declared, was everywhere revered as that of a saint. Poor people! The few patriotic ones feel their impotence, and the Ambassador is an earnest patriot.

June 26.—Last night three sharp distant explosions were heard in quick succession. To-day I learn that a Turkish mine-layer and destroyer were both sunk by a submarine off Haidar Pasha. The submarines have made the Marmora a British lake, and enter and leave at will. One English officer related at Athens that, after having exhausted his torpedoes, his boat began to leak. They stopped up the leaks as best they could with their clothes, and when finally he reported to the admiral in the Ægean

he and his crew were all in a state of nudity. The German submarines have accomplished nothing since their sensational arrival, and rumour has it that they are out of torpedoes. I called at German headquarters yesterday at the War Office about some English missing men, but General von Bronsart was too occupied to receive me. I suspect the *Lusitania* note was not foreign to this, for he had first sent word asking me to wait, when N. of the Germany Embassy entered. Shortly afterward his A.D.C. came out and suggested that I should see some minor Turkish official, but I replied I would leave this to a dragoman, and walked away.

S., who is a pro-German, arrived this morning from the Dardanelles with reports that the Allies have not advanced a foot since their first landing, and would never pass. Their losses, especially these last days, have been enormous. The French, he said, came under the fire of concealed batteries from the Anatolian side and lost 3000 killed. The English moral was poor, as shown by diaries found on the dead. Both at Ari Bournu and Seddulbahr they went as far as they could get under the protection of their ships but no further—one kilometre and five respectively, in the two positions. On questioning him, however, I

found that he had not been beyond the German headquarters and was retailing the news they want given out. The advance has doubtless been slow, but it is hardly possible that there should be none. He certainly understated the Turkish losses when he put them down at 30,000. Here the estimate is at least 100,000, for more than 30,000 wounded have come into Constantinople alone, and we know the provinces are full of them, from Kirk Kilisse to Konia. One of the wounded who arrived this morning said it was useless denying the Allies' advance. The servants, who are Greeks and Armenians, heard this and are jubilant.

At the hospitals they distributed postcards to the wounded with the portraits of the Sultan and Enver. But while very pleased with the first the Enver card met with a decided "Yok" ¹ from the men. Some of the cases one hears of are disgraceful. One soldier was seen to treasure a wallet, which was found to contain several thousand francs in bank-notes. His neighbour told the doctor that he had finished off a wounded French captain to obtain it. Others, who showed what could only have been loot from the dead, were asked if they were not afraid to be punished by their officers. "Oh no, our captain did exactly the

¹ Turkish for "No."

same," was the answer. Apparently the main reason why the wounded are murdered is the hope of pillage; they are stripped of everything. Colonel M. tells me the same was true in Libya.

M. has returned from Bucarest, afraid, as always, of compromising himself. But all is quiet in Roumania. They will not admit that the Russian defeat in Galicia had anything to do with their attitude, but lay this down to the difficult negotiations at Petrograd over the Banat. They say the crossing of the Carpathians would cost them 100,000 men, as the passes have all been strongly fortified. Instead they console themselves with daily battles of flowers till the ostentation of lightheartedness became a national scandal. Here Wangenheim had threatened L. with an impending ultimatum unless they allow munitions to pass. One hears tales from Roumania of negotiations at Berlin and Vienna, for the cession of a small portion of the Bukowina and autonomy to Transylvania in return for continued neutrality and the passage of shells.

June 27.—From Bagdad come reports of the British advance and Turco-German consternation. A new military commander has been sent there since the last one committed suicide, but they have practically no troops

nor supplies left. Close by, in the Nedjef and at Kerbela, Turkish rule has been thrown off. The fall of Bagdad will be the first great reverse felt here, for the memory of the Caliphate still holds.

All along the Syrian coast the French have been bombarding petroleum depôts and German consulates. They destroyed one at Haifa lately as a reprisal against the destruction by the Germans of the French graves on Mount Carmel. During the bombardment a French hydroplane flew over the town; a Turkish gendarme fired on it, when the aviator dropped a small bomb which, by extraordinary luck, fell pat on the gendarme's head. Since then the Syrians have great respect for French shooting.

The Turks are sending all belligerent subjects to Ourfa as a protest against these bombardments. It is a wretched hole, wanting in the most ordinary commodities. Leslie, one of our missionaries there, will administer relief, for the Turks do not bother to feed their civilian prisoners. As they cannot possibly escape they let them roam at will and then contrast their treatment with the confinement of prisoners in Europe.

Again comes news of hard fighting at the Dardanelles, some of it unbelievable—12,000

French dead and 3000 wounded in a single action. The bayonet is said to account for this discrepancy over usual proportions, for quarter is neither asked nor given. It is said that many French single-loaded rifles of an ancient Lefevre model have been taken. If true, it is wilful murder sending troops against men armed with modern weapons. The allied losses are mainly in attack, the Turkish in reserve when they come under fire of the heavy guns. There is no sparing of munitions. The Turks now hold their forward trenches very thinly. As the aviators dropped arrows into them they have burrowed underneath. The line of fighting is about 800 yards from Krithia, and the trenches so close together that the Turks are now protected from the fleet fire. The Turkish cavalry is near Boulair, kept as a mobile force. Altogether they have probably 150,000 men at the Dardanelles, and the Allies not over half the number. Captain W. believes that without landing elsewhere the latter will never break through, and at Sofia they are of the same opinion. There they think it must be either at Enos in sufficient number or on the Asiatic side, or else aid must come from them. The harvest is now being reaped in Bulgaria. We may hear more after it has been gathered.

I called on R. Bey, where I found the poet Abdul Hak Hamid, also a certain O. Bey, who had served in the British navy. We spoke of poetry as a relief from politics, for Abdul Hak, who is the foremost Turkish man of letters, has introduced Western metres here. His main influence has been Victor Hugo, for, though he regards London as a second home, his knowledge of English is not very extensive. He spoke of the poetry of "a well-known lord," who turned out to be Tennyson, and had also read Swinburne, but I doubt if his understanding went much further.

In the evening met L. at the cinema, who confirmed all we have heard about Roumania. They are busy now harvesting a record crop. No one wants war, as their five army corps are sufficient to protect them single-handed from an Austro-German attack, and they are too weak to withstand a long struggle. In their own interest they have to bide their time, for any other course would be suicide and expose Moldavia to being ravaged from both sides. Leaving the theatre we found the police at the exit, allowing no one to pass until they had proved their identity. Fortunately we had our police cards on us, otherwise it would have meant no little inconvenience. They do this occasionally at

public places in order to find deserters or people without the necessary permits.

June 28.—The Germans have advertised fining Roubaix and Valenciennes 150,000 francs each as a reprisal for the destruction of their consulates at Alexandretta and Haifa.

Troops are being sent from Syria to the Caucasus front, probably to try and recapture Van, though others say they are to defend Bagdad. Djemal, it is thought, will shortly join them. A good riddance, for he has made himself hated by his brutality. From the Dardanelles come further rumours of heavy fighting and German disquiet. They are said to have news of reverses which are carefully hidden. Leipzig has left for there, which is badly interpreted; and Anghelokori is supposed to have fallen. But one can hardly believe this as it means another landing. Where so many wishes father the thought there is danger of letting judgment run away in sympathy, and at Galata they do this daily.

Mother C.¹ is still in prison awaiting trial after weeks of confinement. She was indiscreet in receiving postcards with secret writing, but her friends say it was only family news. The Germans could have obtained her release at any time, but as she is an Alsatian with

¹ A French nun.

strong French sympathies, they refused to intervene. I hear she is to be given fifteen years' imprisonment, but will be pardoned immediately. Mrs. M. is personally pleading her cause with Enver.

June 29.—Word has come of Colonel von Leipzig's death at the station of Uzum Kupru. He had just returned from the Dardanelles, and, while washing, flung his belt into his dress-suit case. The revolver in it went off through the leather, and a bullet pierced his forehead. Such is the German Embassy story. There are also several other versions. I regret him, for he was the only sympathetic German here. He was a gentleman, and a man of ability, who, after having had a promising future, was suddenly brushed aside. When war broke out he was living in retirement at Munich. My impression is that he was against this war, and less confident of victory than most Germans. He was far less a pan-German, ready to admit merit in others, and with sympathy for England. He will be a distinct loss to the Germans, for he was the link between Wangenheim, Enver, and Liman, who is difficult to get on with.

Enver has left for the Dardanelles with the Vice-President of the Chamber, and there are rumours of dissensions between Turks and Germans. There have been so many that one

attaches slight importance to them. Whatever their personal relations may be they have to hang together for the present or they will hang apart. Lunching at Colonel P.'s, I met General Vehib Pasha, the brother of Essad Pasha, who commands at Ari Bournu. He is a sympathetic Epirote and a chivalrous soldier. Both he and Colonel P. spoke of how Greeks and Turks fought each other at Janina without personal rancour and as humanely as is possible in war. When the Turks surrendered after a gallant resistance, the officers were allowed to go where they liked on parole. And Vehib even accompanied the King of Greece during the second Balkan War. Now he commands a newly formed corps at San Stefano. Like the rest he professes certainty that the Dardanelles will never be passed.

The Commandant of the German submarine U 51 lately tried an attack on the Bay of Mudros, but was stopped by the netting. He turned back; but the alarm had been given, and at whatever speed he went, or in whichever direction, he could not give the slip to the English destroyers which followed. Not knowing what to do, he submerged to a great depth and stayed there till nightfall, after which he was able to return to the Dardanelles. There he found the explanation of the mystery. In

backing out from the boom he carried away with him some of the network, and it was this trailing on the surface which allowed the destroyers to keep on his track. This is the submarine which sunk both the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*. In the first case, he managed to get under one of the destroyers guarding her, and came up suddenly in the wake to fire his torpedo. In the second, as there were eight or ten destroyers around the ship, he chanced an oblique shot which was successful. If the U 51 really did this, it varies from the earlier accounts which give the credit for the torpedoing to the small submarines, and considered the U 51 only as a supply and depôt ship. But likely enough the Germans gave this out to mislead opinion.

June 30—Sassoon Effendi, deputy from Bagdad, and a distant relative of the London Sassoons, called this morning before leaving for Switzerland, which has become a new Mecca for Ottomans. He goes to be in closer touch with his family at Bagdad, for I imagine that he anticipates an English occupation before many days. The English are now at Kut-el-Amara, hardly sixty miles in a straight line, and there appears to be little or no Turkish resistance. They apparently have the river in their hands and the tribes as their

allies—normally anti-Turkish, the use of English gold has helped to win them over. Little or no news filters through, though I did hear that the Governor-General, Suleyman Nazif, has been dismissed.

There have lately been some very stormy councils of ministers over the question of succession, in which the Grand Vizier displayed unwonted vigour in favour of the regular order. Opposition exists to Yussuf Izeddin if the present Sultan should die now, but they will hardly dare pass him over. Abdul Hamid, tyrant though he was, appreciated the importance of regularity in the succession. He once spoke on the subject to the then Bulgarian Minister, who knew Turkish well, saying he would have personally wished to be followed by his favourite son, Burhan-Eddin, but dared not interfere with the custom.¹

Hakki and Nejmeddin have left for Germany and Enver for the Dardanelles with Hussein Djahid. Report has it that the Allies have gained successes; but it is difficult to know anything, and the Germans deny this. The official bulletins would still be the same if the

¹ The Turkish Crown passes to the eldest male member of the House of Othman, a relic of the days when the Turks were a conquering race and it was important for the power not to be wielded by a child or a regent.

Allies were at San Stefano. Oddly enough the Turkish communiqués which appear at Bucarest differ from those published here, in occasionally admitting that the Allies have captured a trench. Here the phase of being "driven back to their original positions" occurs with monotonous regularity.

One of the German submarines of the four sent from Pola never arrived. As a German aviator reported that the *Agamemnon* lies sunk off Lemnos with only its mast and funnel over water, and they have no record of the action, they attribute this to the missing submarine.¹ It now turns out that both the *Triumph* and the *Majestic* were torpedoed by the U 51, on its journey out before reaching the Dardanelles. The Germans are full of admiration at the nerve of the captain of the E 11 now in the Marmora. I cannot find out what his exploits have been.

¹ The dummy battleship constructed at Lemnos was probably mistaken for the *Agamemnon*.

IV

JULY

NEWS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

July 1.—Attended Leipzig's funeral in the garden of the German Embassy. The pastor, Count Luttichau, made a violent pan-German address, saying that the future was theirs, and while their adversaries hired combatants, every German was ready to offer himself in sacrifice. As all the neutral diplomatists were present, his stress on the superiority of German virtues seemed out of place. I spoke of this later to Mme de W., but she found it natural. She told me that many Germans feared lest with the growth of wealth and material comfort their readiness for sacrifice would diminish, but they were pleased to recognize that to-day's patriotism was no less than that of their ancestors a century ago. If Leipzig's death is the result of an accident the oration seems strange, for it was more suited to a man who had died in battle.¹

¹ Later information makes it probable that Colonel von

I have read the German official White Book about the atrocities committed by barbarous Belgian civilians on inoffensive German soldiers. The German Embassy here has circulated it widely. It only confirms the Bryce report, and is as maladroit as most German official documents. It calmly mentions the execution of eighty Belgians at Andenne without indicating by what process of even martial law they were found guilty, and admits elsewhere that women and children may have been killed because of approaching too close to the execution squad when the hostages were shot down. As if to offset this, they mention in the next sentence that some Belgian women were given coffee by the humane German soldiers!

L. dined here last night and spoke once more of the failure of Ententist diplomacy in being unable after eleven months of war to reconcile Balkan interests and establish a concert. Serbia ought long ago to have been able to square Bulgaria, and all the Balkans should have entered the field with Italy instead of frittering their efforts and nibbling at separate baits. On

Leipzig was murdered by Turks because of the active part he had taken over the negotiations for the cession of Ottoman territory to Bulgaria. He was then on the eve of being appointed Minister to Sofia, his "agrément" having already been granted. The plan of the assassins was to kill Marshal von der Goltz as well, but Leipzig was then the only victim.

the other hand, German diplomacy might have been more successful if it had not waited so long. Half the concessions eventually offered by Austria to Italy would have kept her definitely neutral if made in time last August, and the same is true of Roumania. To-day they are tinkering too late with bits of the Bukovina and a separate status for Transylvania. While Bucarest is quiet enough just now, the army is being prepared, and the first glimpse of Russian success will be followed by a new ferment. The talk is still for war, and he believes that sooner or later it must come. Here the Germans have persuaded the Turks to abandon the right bank of the Maritza and give the Bulgarians through railway connection in their own territory to Dedeagatch.

July 2.—I visited the American Red Cross Unit at Tash Kishlar, where over 400 wounded are cared for out of the 2000 there. The men are now well looked after in the hospitals, but arrive occasionally with festered wounds overrun with vermin. These are mostly from shrapnel, and the soldiers say they can do nothing against the great guns. Except for these some of them boast they could drive the Allies away with sticks! Their moral differs, however, considerably. Some are glad enough to return, but others funk it, and there have

been not a few cases of self-mutilation. At the Dardanelles the true situation remains a mystery, and probably not two dozen men in town know it. But at Stamboul reports of the Allied advance are circulated. The Germans and Turks keep saying they can drive them into the sea when they like, but why they have refrained from doing so is not clear. Outside the Government spheres, which remain inscrutable, the Turks are anxious. The report has come that Bagdad has fallen, which would not be surprising. It will be their first great blow here.

July 3.—Rumours continue to circulate that Leipzig's death was less accidental than given out. Two other German officers were buried at the same time with him in the German Embassy garden at Therapia. If assassinated, the funeral oration in which he was referred to as offering his life for the Fatherland would be more comprehensible. There are abundant reports of friction between Turks and Germans.

Leipzig himself had been exceptionally useful in Bulgaria. He is supposed to have had to do with the Bulgarian comitadjis when they attacked the Serbs at Valandovo to provoke hostilities, and also with the passage of munitions. Yet the Roumanians swear that

nothing passes their way, and lay stress on the seriousness of their inspection. Only lately they found that empty freight cars sent here had false bottoms. On another occasion they discovered shells in blocks of concrete. The free transit granted German diplomatic carriers is now severely watched because of similar abuses. The German Minister at Bucarest had impudence enough to ask for the custom's franchise for a supposed circus which proved to be nothing less than munitions. L. believes that the shortage of shells here is very serious, and if the German successes continue in Galicia they will try to intimidate Roumania or else force their way through Serbia. Meanwhile the negotiations with Bulgaria are said to be progressing, though I cannot believe that at Sofia they will remain content with only the right bank of the Maritza.

From the interior come revolting tales of cruelty. An Armenian conspiracy has afforded the pretext for outrageous persecution. At Diabekr the Archimandrate died under torture, and there have been many similar instances. Confiscation under guise of requisition followed by wholesale expulsions are now daily occurrences. In Armenia the situation is worse than it has ever been, and the lives of our own missionaries are no longer safe.

Enver has returned from the Dardanelles, cheerful as always. He says they are impregnable, no matter how many troops are sent.

July 4.—Dr. C., a Civil War veteran, has just come up from Tarsus on behalf of his Armenian flock. The entire population there is to be expelled to Deyr on the Euphrates, in spite of the sympathy which their Moslem neighbours and even the better Turkish officials entertain for them. Dr. C. wants to go with them when they go. He has lately witnessed the wholesale expulsions which have taken place—in one recent instance fifteen babies were born and then abandoned by the roadside to be picked up by a kind-hearted German woman missionary. But in most instances the German consuls have refused their assistance in mitigating this persecution of Armenians. They themselves have been willing enough, but had received instructions not to interfere in this from their Embassy. The Germans explain that, being allies in a life-and-death struggle, they cannot preach to the Turks. But inwardly many are not sorry to see their only possible rivals in trade destroyed. For the Turk, if he cannot turn to the Armenian and Greek, must address himself to them. Just now the lot of the Armenian is especially sad, though Talaat has promised betterment. They

are taking it out on peaceful people, because of Armenian volunteers with the Russian armies at Van, and in the Caucasus. Only a few months ago Enver threatened the Patriarch that if there should be an Armenian rising during this war, he would destroy the entire people, and the recent policy of removing populations from their homes and scattering them penniless among hostile Moslem communities aims at nothing else.

Dr. C. told me that in Cilicia alone 100,000 men have been drafted for the army and sent here. His own train was packed with recruits. Many were in tears, for they regard the Dardanelles as a death sentence, and are in terror of the heavy guns. At every station some would desert, and the train would be delayed until these could be rounded. From all over the Empire men are being sent here. The constabulary one used to see in the streets have nearly all gone to the front, and are replaced by a home guard of aged men in corduroy uniforms. More and more wounded are continually arriving.

Word has come about the treatment of the civilian prisoners at Ourfa. The English are all interned in an old Armenian monastery without running water. The French are better off in that respect, though their quarters are

small. But both are pretty wretched in that tropical heat. The Embassy is trying to obtain consular standing for the one American missionary in the place, and he may do something to relieve their lot. But the Turks do not feed them, and their own allowances are not enough. Under the Turkish system, if they cannot pay for their transportation and that of their guards, they are obliged to trudge the whole way on foot. In the last few months there have been many such instances. Things are a little better now, and the relief money pays for their conveyance. This was especially necessary at Ourfa, where the last eight hours are by carriage. The charges for this amounted to a couple of pounds apiece, one man having the monopoly given him by the officials.

July 5.—An engineer who has just returned from the interior related to me his experiences in the region of Sivas. He had been stopping with Turks, and all his information came from Turkish sources. Of popular hatred or fanaticism against Armenians he had seen not the slightest trace. The two races lived on the best of terms. Yet everywhere he came across a concerted movement directed from here and executed through the provisional authorities and with the aid of the dregs of the population who had been armed as a so-called constabulary.

The persistent efforts to instil hatred might eventually awaken fanaticism, to which was always added the hope of pillage. Up to now the better-class Turks merely expressed their disgust and their personal inability to stop it. Throughout the interior wholesale arrests of Armenians had taken place, and it was the impression of his Turkish friends that when those arrested were led away at night, it was to be butchered in solitude. He saw caravans of Armenian women and children arriving from the Caucasus region. He did not know what fate awaited them, but Turkish friends told him that they too would be massacred.

Personally,¹ in spite of numerous individual murders, I find it hard to believe in wholesale massacres, such as he narrated. The plot seems rather to be one which aims to uproot every compact Armenian settlement in the interior, scatter the population, and create conditions which must lead to the death of many and to the impoverishment and misery of all. The Armenians had been injudicious enough before Turkey entered the war to express sympathy for the Entente. A small minority among them have been revolutionaries. Others have aided the Russians. But, as is usual

¹ The full extent and degree of the horrors were not known at this time.

here, punishment is visited on the inoffensive. The vast depôts of arms and bombs found in Armenian villages are a myth. My engineer friend told me he had seen a photograph of the captured weapons, which amounted in all to sixty-four rifles and a few revolvers. In some few localities the Armenians have now revolted to avoid massacres. At Karahissar they have seized the ancient stronghold of Mithridates and cut the road between Sivas and Erzingian. The Turks have been compelled to send troops with artillery against them. But all this persecution indicates confidence on the part of the Government. They have seized the moment when Europe is distracted by war. They would hardly have dared do so if they felt less certain of their position. As if there were not enough calamities the whole countryside is ravaged with typhus. It is now raging at Sivas, and from Erzeroum, westward 300,000 people are believed to have died from it.

We lunched at the Italian Embassy. All this news as to Italy's doings comes from the Germans, who now report that Italy will take part in the Dardanelles. The official denials at Rome are hardly convincing. In Italy more than anywhere else they feel opinion by alternating statements and denials. Meanwhile the request to assist the departure of thousands of

Italians at Smyrna seems rather symptomatic of imminent rupture. The only thing surprising is that the Embassy should have been able to stay so long. M.'s position as military attaché, under the circumstances, astonishes no one more than himself.

Since the Galician campaign, I hear that munitions are again coming down through Roumania. They go as far as Orsova in Hungary. The Serbs having laid a minefield in the Danube, the munitions have to be unloaded and conveyed overland to the nearest Roumanian river port only a few miles away. There they are again loaded on lighters and sent to the Black Sea, and notably to Baliz, where the Turks send up to fetch them, for Russian vigilance is careless. A correspondent returning from the Dardanelles told me he saw the place full of cases of German munitions all marked for transit "*viâ Roumania.*" The Bulgarians swear that nothing passes their way, and it may be true, for they do not know if the arms will not be used against them to-morrow.

Liman von Sanders has been here secretly. Djemal's wife has left for Damascus, where her husband has assumed sovereign airs.

July 6.—The official bulletin publishes a success at Bassorah, to mislead opinion. Impossible to know if it is true. The Turks are

happy, whether because of the Dardanelles, or because Bulgaria remains quiet, or because Enver now believes that the Italian expedition will be in Albania, one cannot say. Things so far have not gone badly for the Turks. They have just received eight new aeroplanes, of which they stood in great need, and seventeen car-loads of petrol; but some of this caught fire on arrival. The local munitions factories at Macrikeui, the Sweet Waters, and Top Hané, work night and day. They keep 4000 men employed, and burn 300 tons of coal daily. Coal still comes from Soungouldak in driblets, and the Russians have not found means to stop this; they are hoping here for the arrival of new submarines to make difficult the position of the Allies. At Ari Bournu the English have now brought up heavy artillery, and the Germans admit that if they can gain the heights the Turkish position will be difficult. Reports come in of an advance at Seddulbahr, but lack confirmation. Nine-tenths of the population so ardently want it that their imagination shapes itself to their wishes.

July 7.—A request to remit a requisition was lately presented Enver, on behalf of a German. He refused it, saying, "We have already done enough for the Germans." Most Turks think the same, though they are proud

of their defence of the Dardanelles coming on top of the Balkan War disasters. The hatred against the Germans in the army is said to be intense, though it would be unwise for the Allies to bank on it. Among the civil population nearly every sympathy is on the Entente side. A retired Turkish colonel the other day expressed the hope that the Allies would soon enter to put an end to the existing misery.

For the first time since the war, the Government is paying the entire salary of its officials; but we are about to enter the month of Ramazan, and they need popularity. The money is, of course, German. The new bank-notes have arrived, but after promising that the text of the contract should be printed in French, it appears only in Turkish. They regret this now, but too late. The loan will tide them over to September, when a new one will be necessary. Meanwhile they make war economically, paying neither soldiers nor requisitions. A million pounds monthly, they say, is all they need in gold. It seems odd that Turkey and England are the only two countries where gold still circulates—the poorest and the richest. The Debt Administration has managed to have £T700,000 of the gold pledged for the loan in Berlin, paid to its credit at Berne. It tried to have this repeated, but the Turkish

Government scented a rat and blocked the affair. They prefer to keep gold here. Some of it is at Konia, while the Ottoman Bank has two millions in its vaults. Even without this no bankrupt was ever lighter-hearted than the Turk.

Every boat now sent down the Marmora has on it soldiers with bombs. As the submarines have been in the habit of approaching close to their prey, it was thought that these might be the means of destroying them. Lately a French submarine stopped a small steamer towing three barges. A gendarme aboard threw his bomb, which exploded without damage, but the submarine promptly drew off and sank the ships with all aboard except the engineer, who managed to escape.

July 8.—Wangenheim is to be given leave of absence. His nerves have been a wreck for some time, which is not surprising, considering the strain under which he has lived. Even with his own people his task has been very difficult, for the German generals pay little heed to mere diplomatists. His temporary successor here is Prince Hohenlohe Waldenburg. This can hardly be agreeable to Neurath, the regular Councillor, but is in line with former precedents.

As Talaat has been elected president of the

Small Club, the Grand Vizier found it fitting his dignity to have the same honour bestowed on him by the Cercle d'Orient. An unwritten gentlemen's agreement had been reached at the beginning of the war by which all belligerents retired from office. Wangenheim had sent in his resignation, though its acceptance was withheld. The Grand Vizier, however, lately sent word to ask if he would have any objection to his presenting his own candidature. Wangenheim could not refuse; but every one smiles. The Club, however, has long ceased to be diplomatic or even neutral. Neurath and T. were both elected on the committee—the only place where Germans and Austrians see each other.

Many of the German officers on the *Goeben* and all those available here have been sent in a hurry to the Dardanelles. The rumour is that it is owing to friction with the Turks; but it is more likely due to the violence of the fighting. The Allies are said to have made good progress.

July 9.—Passed the day at Therapia. Three colliers steamed by from Soungouldak to explain the *Breslau's* absence—with 8000 more tons of coal. I inquired about Leipzig's funeral in the German Embassy garden and had it confirmed that other officers were buried the same day,

their coffins coming out by road. The story is about that the man who put Leipzig's remains into the coffin said they were unrecognizable, and if it gets to the ears of the authorities he will have short shrift. On the other hand, the genuineness of the accident is attested by many, and we have even the particulars of how Leipzig by mistake entered the ladies' waiting-room at the station to wash. Some Turkish women walked in and were frightened, so the station-master asked him to go elsewhere. As he picked up his belongings in a hurry the revolver went off. The station-master's wire, alluding to an "*attentat*" which had befallen a German officer, is explained away by his ignorance of French—he meant to say "accident."

In the evening I walked out with A., but could not get far. On the hill and on the quay one is stopped by the sentries' "Yassak." The place is full of soldiers, with many raw recruits from Anatolia and Syria learning the rudiments of drill. All day long they marched and counter-marched before the house.

July 10.—I passed the *Breslau* in the floating dock at Stenia; the *Torgout Reis* still lies in the Golden Horn. She returned from the Dardanelles with her turret dashed in and other signs of damage from recent fighting.

There have been severe battles lately. The Turks sent reinforcements, which included the 4th Corps from Angora. A general attack was made which seems to have failed, for there is no crowing about victory. The losses have been enormous, and at the Tash Kishlar hospital alone orders have come to prepare five hundred new beds. As it stood some days ago a Turkish source estimated the loss at 125,000 men. The Allied policy seems to be to tire out their resistance this way; but it will be slow work, for no one cares less about dead Turks than the Turks themselves.

I have become Wangenheim's *bête noire*. He accuses me of circulating news hostile to the Germans, and especially some cock-and-bull story of a German submarine lair discovered off the coast of Scotland. Our house is supposed to be a gathering point of all Germany's enemies. He told M. that he was having me watched day and night. He kept track of every one who came to see me, and declared I was likely to get into serious trouble. He cannot forgive any one who does not ingratiate himself at the German Embassy.

Greeks as well as Armenians are having their share of persecution. All the inhabitants of the islands of the Marmora have been expelled and sent homeless to wander. There

is said to have been a massacre in a Greek village near Broussa, and also cases of forcible conversion. Women have been made to dance naked for their bread or else become Moslems and enter harems. The tales must contain some truth. The Turks will not allow us to bring relief to the tens of thousands of homeless Armenian refugees. No one is permitted to see them. No wonder stories of massacre and cruelty go on increasing. The Government, which has planned and carried out the whole thing, resents any interference in what it regards as its own domestic affairs. M. calls it wife-beating, but it is far more tragic, and it is impossible to see what remedy can be brought. Now that half the world is fighting the other half is the time of times to do what they like here, and Armenian persecution is no innovation.

July 11.—A Swedish officer has returned from the Dardanelles, whither he had gone under the official cloak of a journalist. Like every other military man who has been there he was pledged to secrecy and very reticent in consequence. But he was immensely impressed by the organization and strength of the defence. The Allies seemed to have an impossible task before them, or one at least which could only succeed if they were engaged in no other

enterprise. He affirmed that they had made no headway and were only able to maintain themselves by the aid of the fleet—which the presence of more submarines would make problematical. His accounts tallies with every other I have heard, but naturally reflects German headquarters' inspiration. Those who go down speak no Turkish, and must rely on German officers. The defence is doubtless perfectly organized, and for the present, at least, there is no want of munitions. Wangenheim affirms that 1100 shells are now made here daily; and even if this is exaggerated, they have lately received them through Roumania. One of the steamers I saw arriving two days ago, and which I supposed was a collier, turns out to have brought in munitions. It was at once dispatched to the Dardanelles, along with five barges, under the escort of destroyers. The Russian vigilance in the Black Sea has been careless, and time and again ships are allowed to pass. A great attack to drive out the Allies is said to be under way here. Troops in large numbers have been rushed down to Gallipoli, and the ordinary railway service is suspended till Thursday. We shall anxiously await news, or, rather, its lack will be the best sign.

Wounded are still coming in. There are fifty-two regular military hospitals here and

seven of the Red Crescent. The latter are attended by Turkish ladies, who find in the work an opportunity for emancipation. Some of the Turkish ladies are the first to turn their patriotism into a desire to see men. They complain there are too many privates and not enough officers among the wounded. Turkish matrons employed at the hospitals have distinguished themselves by pilfering the delicacies. Tea and sweetmeats were stolen till the soldiers informed charitably disposed people that there was no use bringing them. The example comes from higher up. The Ottoman Bank had organized a luxurious ward of twenty-four beds—two were soon missing, and when inquiries were made it was found that the chief surgeon had taken them to his own home for his children.

The soldiers are so well treated in the hospitals that many of them are reluctant to return to the front. I hear of cases of spurious blindness. These are the exceptions, of course. Nearly always there is docility and resignation in the absence of patriotism.

July 12.—This morning at Therapia shortly after seven, we were awakened by a loud explosion, which fairly shook the house, in spite of its marble foundations. I thought at first it was the beginning of a bombardment, but it

was not succeeded by others, so it seemed more likely a mine. I thought at once of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* at Stenia, and drove by them on the way to town, but nothing had happened there, and I suppose it must have come from the Black Sea.

The main interest now lies in the Armenian persecution, which is assuming unprecedented proportions. Talaat is its main instigator in a Cabinet which he controls. Power has brought out cruelty in this son of a gipsy. His lack of education and real ignorance are concealed under a cloak of cynicism, and he has fine Oriental contempt for those who seek to propitiate him. An apparent *bonhomie* and a certain willingness to oblige in personal matters give him popularity. He was different six years ago, when I used to see him daily after the Adana massacre; he had a seemingly engaging frankness, which contrasted favourably with the shiftiness of Hamidian officials. He then told me that he wished to see the Governor of Adana hanged for allowing the murder of 20,000 people, and praised the English Consul, Doughty Wylie, who was wounded in trying to check it. Now he himself fosters the same thing. All his loyalty is to his organization, and his policy is ruthless Turkification, which will later be turned against the Germans, but

has now fastened on the Armenian as a victim. He declares openly that the persecution is revenge for the defeat at Sarakymish, the Turkish expulsion from Azerbaidjan, and the occupation of Van, all of which he lays at the Armenian door. The Committee of Union and Progress fear the Armenian organization. Added to this is the conviction that they cannot assimilate, and must therefore crush them, and that the present is the most seasonable moment, which will never again recur, and one has a series of conditions which entail the usual reactions of brutality and cruelty. The Germans, to their eternal disgrace, will not lift a finger to save the Armenians. Their callousness is disgusting, but one's indignation rises in vain. The German Embassy is ready enough to make paper declarations for purposes of record, but with no idea of their utility. The Entente can do nothing. Whatever is possible can only come through us; but it is little, for the Turks will yield at nothing save force. Reports from the interior are incredible. At Trebizond an Armenian population of ten thousand souls were ordered out of their homes at an hour's notice, forced to trudge two months across the mountains to some new locality near the Euphrates—many must die on the journey, and those who arrive will become impoverished and half-starved, if not

worse. From the Cilician coast comes similar news. The Zeitoun is already evacuated, and recolonized with Mohadjirs.¹ There is a systematic attempt to Islamize and Turkify Asia Minor, and the Armenians are the main sufferers. Nothing can be done for the poor wretches. The situation is desperate, and the worst is one's powerlessness to change it.

July 13.—A quiet day at Therapia. The soldiers in training have not bothered us, and the only thing noticeable in the harbour is a large drag which is busy removing the buoys. They have been doing this for weeks all along the Bosphorus. We tried fishing at four in the morning, but without success. Our fisherman, a Greek almost forty-five, has to leave for military duty in a few days' time. Service means ruin to an entire population. Between requisitions and military duty indiscriminately applied, few have anything left. The Christians are mainly employed in labour regiments—I saw several hundreds of them breaking stones on the road yesterday, and hear it is the same all over the country. Naturally many desert, and still more would had they the chance.

Our only neighbours are two Egyptians, I. and Y. Pashas, both married to Egyptian princesses, and both Parisianized, though Y.

¹ Moslem emigrants.

adds to this an English love of sport. Both seem miserable here. They could not return to Egypt, and have to remain practically penniless. The Grand Vizier, being an Egyptian, looks out for his friends, and in spite of the general poverty has had a goodish sum set aside for their benefit. The daughter of the Khedive Ismail, who lives in a palace on the Bosphorus, and has normally an income of £80,000, is now reduced to a monthly allowance of £T600, on which she supports a retinue of ninety servants. When she consulted Prof. Israel, who is still here in attendance on the Sultan, having no money to offer, she gave him jewels to the value of £T1500.

The Egyptians, who take their cue from the Grand Vizier, have to be very chauvinistic in their Turkishness, and put on an Islamic façade. The Grand Vizier parades this with a fanaticism in which he can hardly believe. He hates Greeks and Armenians, though making an exception for Mavroyeni Bey and Abram Pasha. His brother, Prince Ibrahim, is even worse, and in an excess of piety interrupts a conversation to perform his "nahmaz." Our Egyptian friends who wish to keep their properties in Egypt and their sympathies here, have rather a difficult job. They form a little clan apart, whose contact with the Government is almost

exclusively through Prince Saïd Halim. The latter's importance is as a figurehead for the Committee, but in questions of etiquette he rules supreme, and instils in his friends a healthy fear which makes them reluctant to act otherwise than as his shadows. It requires the rough force of a Talaat to show his real opinion of the Grand Vizier's worth. The latter is rarely consulted by those in power, and hardly knows what goes on. He remains an Asiatic prince greatly imbued with his own dignity and mainly concerned in questions revolving around it. In his own home he casts aside Western dress and receives in Oriental robes. His knowledge of English and French have not given him any love for the West. He is frankly reactionary and fanatical. His one touch of the Occident is poker.

July 15.—Yesterday all was quiet. To-day as well there is little news here. The last troops of the first line have gone to the Dardanelles—five divisions in all left here either to make good the losses or prepare an offensive. There are reports of fierce fighting, and of the Allies' advance. More wounded have come in, conveyed in barges packed like sardines, while the heat is torrid. The British aviators are said to have destroyed six aeroplanes in the hangar at Chanak, but more are coming,

and both Roumania and Bulgaria have opened their gates since the Russian disaster in Galicia. They are now awaiting the arrival of big howitzers from there, but another turn of the wheel may make Balkan States shut the door again. Some prisoners have been taken. The Turks abandoned a trench rather hastily, and when the English occupied it poured in fire from hidden batteries. A few English who did not scamper away crawled into a dug-out, where, after two days, the Turks captured them; but these are the exceptions, and most of the missing about whom inquiries are made will never be found. The few Australian wounded prisoners in the hospitals here are extraordinarily confident about the final upshot, but, like our own soldiers, disposed to criticize their officers.

Wangenheim has complained once more about my circulating news detrimental to the Germans. I am accused of being an agent of the Entente, employed to undermine confidence in the Germans. It is his usual method here, which before he used against the English—their moderating advice was interpreted as weakness and fear.

Hakki is now spoken of for Ambassador at Berlin; Mahmoud Moukhtar having supposedly made himself personally objectionable to the

Emperor by his dislike of Enver. The truth is that each has been jealous of the other, and Enver, who is now in the saddle, has seized this occasion to be rid of a possible rival.

July 16.—The troops have left Therapia for the Black Sea, where they go to relieve those dispatched to the Dardanelles. Many still remain at Yenikeui, mostly Arabs, but they are so raw that it will take time before they are fit even to man trenches. We passed them in the evening carrying their pilaff in japanned iron wash-basins—our dogs would hardly eat it, but it was their sole dinner.

Yesterday an English submarine fired a torpedo at some barges loading munitions at Top Hané, but missing these, it only destroyed a few yards of the wharf. The usual legends about the sinking of vast steamers have been circulated with no apparent foundation, save at Panderma, where they did torpedo a Mahsoussié ship, the *Biga*, a few days ago. I have just heard the explanation of the work carried out in the Custom House. For weeks past there have been rumours of the building of a Zeppelin or the putting together of a submarine. Now it turns out that they have constructed a barrage of network to keep out the submarines from the Dardanelles. And this explains the removal of the buoys all along

the Bosphorus. They need these, and especially their chains to hold it in place.

They are taking up some of the tramway lines both in Stamboul and at Nishantash, and a good number of electric plants have been requisitioned for a tramline at the Dardanelles, or on the road from Uzumkupreu. The grand attack is to be delivered shortly. Rumour fixes it for the 23rd, the anniversary of the Constitution. They are awaiting a battery of the famous 30.5 howitzers from Austria, which they say will place the Allies at their mercy. So much has come through, it would not be surprising if it arrives. Twenty-five car-loads came the other day through Bulgaria along with two of Red Cross supplies to veneer the rest with respectability. Every German diplomatic carrier brings four or five tons of stuff with him, till even an Austrian official here criticized it as scandalous. And yet they need more and more, and ransack every depôt of supplies through the Empire. The gunners from the *Breslau*, who left lately for the Dardanelles, thinking to be gone for two months, have returned because they had nothing to shoot with. The Allies have everything, and the Turks nothing, they said. Yet confidence is kept up, and they still profess certainty about driving them into the sea.

July 17.—This morning, coming down the Bosphorus, I noticed that the bows of some of the Turkish destroyers had been painted white, to simulate the splash of waves and deceive the enemy about the speed they travel. The recent explosions heard were Russian floating mines which are left to drift with the current. One of these has been seen even in the Marmora. The Russian vigilance is a little more watchful now, and two days ago they destroyed some colliers or oil-boats near Riva. Yet 12,000 tons of coal are again expected in a day or two.

The Armenian situation is worse, if possible, perhaps because more details reach us. From Trebizond, Harput, and Ourfa come harrowing tales of misery, suffering, and cruelty; of women and children left literally naked to die, and the homeless fugitive females distributed among the Turkish population of the villages through which they are compelled to trudge. Of public massacres in the cities there are none so far, but the prisons are emptied from time to time of the Armenians, who have been arrested wholesale, and their inmates are murdered at night. The authorities talk of an accidental meeting with hostile Kurds, which is the official euphemism of massacre. There have been frequent cases of torture as well. The worst

of it is the vicious circle in which the poor wretches find themselves. Everywhere the Armenians have been summoned to surrender their arms, while the Moslems are allowed to retain theirs. If they comply they fear cold-blooded massacre, and if they do not they are treated as rebels. A few have shown spirit enough to revolt. But the vast majority are helpless, and no aid can be given. We are not even permitted to visit them for relief purposes.

The Turks are particularly anxious to be rid of those Armenians along the Cilician coast lest they should give aid to the English. Yet the English have done little or nothing there, though had they been quicker they could have wrought havoc with the railway near Adana, where it runs only a few miles from the coast and passes over bridges and through tunnels. Even the section near Alexandretta was only destroyed after the transport of troops to Syria for the Egyptian campaign had been effected. In Syria the Turks are now working at a railway toward Suez. They have taken up a certain amount of material from the Jaffa-Jerusalem line as well as part of the Hedjaz railway, and are using this. The purpose is evident, but its realization seems remote.

July 18.—Lunched yesterday with I. Pasha in his Therapia cottage. He has a most

excellent Turkish cook unequalled for pastry and pilaff. Like most of the Egyptians here, he thinks of Paris duchesses while talking of Cairo, and regrets many of the amenities of life he is here deprived of. Privately, at least, he professes Anglophilism, and spoke with appreciation of English rule in Egypt, but he resents the arrogance of minor officials who treat Egyptians as "natives." One young Egyptian of great fortune, married to a princess, was lately black-balled by the English at the Club in Cairo. In revenge he has joined the Turkish army, and was wounded at the Dardanelles. All over the East there is the same tale of resentment, and I remember that in the public gardens at Shanghai Chinese gentlemen are not allowed to enter, while any white loafer roams at will.

Weitz took me aside to deliver a pompous exposition of the situation. He asked when I thought there would be peace, and I replied perhaps in the autumn of 1916. He said it would come this November. The Russians were now definitely crushed. Hindenburg had just smashed their front for a hundred kilometres, and they were completely routed. There was nothing now to prevent fifteen army corps being dispatched to the Western front to open the road to Calais. Only England and Germany could stand another winter campaign. For France

this was impossible, and the French people would soon turn in anger to murder Poincaré and their Government for having lied to them. Göppert, the German councillor, also took me by the arm to remind me that I had asked him ages ago whether the Lupkow Pass had been recaptured, and the superiority of German arms was once more made to din in my ears.

T., dining here, told me that some of his relatives in the Austrian cavalry were near Libau, so they are sandwiching them far and wide with German troops. On the other hand, his brother-in-law, who is a hussar, is still in the trenches in Bukowina. I asked him about the future of Poland, and he told me he had tried to find this out, but was unable to. Already last autumn full arrangements had been made between Vienna and Berlin, but what these are he doesn't know, nor has he any theory as to the future of Belgium. He did not think the Germans would ever be turned out, but they would make a grave error to remain there and govern a hostile population. Since the war with Italy most Austrian diplomatists not on active service have gone to the front. Nineteen had left the Ballplatz. Prince H. was one of the few who remained there.

The latest report is that Italy will not go to war with Turkey. Some weeks ago, when

orders were issued for the recall of all the Italian Consuls, the pressure from the Allies was very strong to have the Italians join the Dardanelles expedition. The outlook was now more favourable there, and the Allies no longer believe they will require assistance. All they want, it is thought here, is to open the Straits, establish communications with Russia, and turn out the Germans. This seems rather fishy, and I hardly believe either in such moderation or that the Italians will not want to have their say. The rupture may come sooner or later, but it is hardly possible to stave it off indefinitely.

July 19.—Yesterday at noon I noticed the *Breslau* steaming toward Stenia very slowly instead of at her usual speed. To-day, just as we left Therapia, a barge containing several coffins was being towed to the German Embassy. At Stenia itself the *Breslau* was already in dry dock, with only stem and stern appearing. And in town I heard she had been torpedoed by a French submarine at the mouth of the Bosphorus. There is also a large Russian submarine supposedly commanded by British officers in that vicinity which is said to have been destructive. Less is now arriving by sea. In the Marmora, submarines have bombarded the railway near Ismidt and the powder-works at Macrikeui, but with little effect. I cannot

understand why they have tried nothing at Stenia itself, or against the petrol depôts at Chiboukli.

Wounded come in with accounts of fighting at close quarters around Bairamli. If true, the Allies have advanced. But the Turks remain confident. Forty thousand men have been dispatched as reinforcements, and they are contemplating the grand attack for the 23rd. The Heir Presumptive and a party of twenty-five poets, writers, and artists have gone down to assist at the prospective triumph when the Allies will at last be driven into the sea.

The press here under German inspiration is getting more and more angry at the English. The British Government expressed misgivings that Turkish hospital ships are transporting troops and munitions. The *Hillal* now comes out with a statement that for every Turk drowned an Englishman will be hanged, and whatever be the reprisals the English will not have the last say. We have been served with many such threats of late, and they are quite capable of putting them into practice. An English aviator is also accused of dropping bombs near a hospital at Ari Bournu. If the offence is repeated, woe betide Englishmen, is the warning. The Turks will not change their microscopic red crescent flags, and insist on

putting hospitals in all sorts of places where they should not be.

July 20.—We have received official word from Enver about the hospital ships. After denying that these have ever been utilized for the transport of troops, he threatens to hang a prisoner of war for every wounded Turk killed. He also accuses the English of seeking to drive him into reprisals in order to charge the Turks with cruelty. In his turn he accuses the English of utilizing their hospital ships to land men. I am told that the Turks have been fairly scrupulous with their officially declared hospital vessels. The "nigger in the woodpile" lay in having others unmentioned, like the *Lily Rickmers*, bearing distinctive red crescent signs, which were utilized indifferently for troops and wounded. Two of these were sunk by the submarines at Rodosto, and doubtless helped to establish the legend about Turkish misuse.¹

The *Breslau* injuries are far more serious than first supposed. A deep rent was torn in her side, and the explosion of mine or torpedo caused the death of twenty sailors in the

¹ Later at the Dardanelles a German military surgeon complained, at a dinner at Headquarters, where a neutral was present, that the hospital ships brought down everything except his medical stores. The surgeon was sent away the following day.

engine-room. The entire Greek population of Stenia, where she lies alongside the *Goeben*, is being expelled, which is a sign that something has gone wrong.

The Greek Metropolitan of Pera, who left ostensibly for Mount Athos, has gone instead to Athens with reports of conditions here. The Patriarch is said to have first sent these by the Hellenic Legation, but when they reached Gounaris he merely pigeon-holed them. So the Bishop went personally, and they say that he delivered a fiery sermon, in which he described the critical condition of Christians in Turkey, the murders of Armenians, the wholesale expulsions of Greeks till the congregation left the cathedral clamouring for war. The matter reached the King's ears, who is supposed to have sent for Gounaris and reproached him for keeping this from him. But the Prime Minister excused himself on the ground of the royal illness. The result is unknown, though popular report among the Greeks speaks of representations made to the German Emperor, with which Wangenheim's leave is associated.

There is an improbable story about that the reason why the expedition at the Dardanelles has not been successful, was because the plans furnished by the Allies to Venizelos were stolen by certain officers at the instigation of the

Queen, and communicated to Berlin. Since then the Queen's unpopularity is so great that she dare not show herself in the streets, while the King, to save the dynasty, has now announced his willingness to collaborate with Venizelos. German royalties in the Balkans have been of immense utility to Germany. Royal sympathy, the fact that both in Roumania and Greece a number of staff officers have been educated in the German army, and an intelligent and lavish use of German money have so far in Roumania, Greece, and Bulgaria restrained popular sentiment. The efforts of the Entente to enlist Balkan support have met with no success, and are interpreted only as weakness. At a time like this, when opinion is still floating and has hardly crystallized, a permanent element like the Crown can do much toward restraining its expression.

Munitions continue to come through, and fifty thousand rifle-barrels are said to have arrived here this morning. Prince Hohenlohe, who is the brother-in-law of the King of Roumania, comes as special Ambassador in Wangenheim's place. I met him to-day at luncheon. He has a strong face, and speaks English perfectly, but our talk was on topics too indifferent for an opinion to be formed.

General von Weber, who was in command

of the troops at Seddulbahr, has been recalled, it is said, by Enver himself, as responsible for the heavy losses suffered in the counter-attacks. The Dardanelles have acquired a sinister reputation among the Turks, who call it The Day of Judgment, and I heard of one battalion where the men wept on receiving the order to go there. Weber's recall is, perhaps, also a sign of the growing tension between Turks and Germans. At Ari Bournu Vehib Pasha has, provisionally at least, replaced his brother Essad. Although there have been no recent reports of fighting a great number of wounded have again arrived, and the permanent Turkish losses must now be in the neighbourhood of 100,000. Plenty of recruits are still pouring in from the interior, but they lack the "cadres," and, above all, the officers.

From German sources come reports of a proposed Italian Expedition here. The details have all been arranged, it is said, and the general appointed. The Italian Embassy, however, know nothing.

The famous U 51 is now under repair in the Golden Horn. It lately ran aground near Silivri. English cruisers are again assisting the land operations with less dread of submarines; their destroyers steam around them continuously. The Turks here say that an

English crew from a submarine lately boarded a small "Shirket" steamer and sailed calmly down the Dardanelles to join the fleet. The Turks, seeing their own ship and flag, never realized they were allowing their enemies to pass.

July 22.—A wire from Gifford asking if N.H. is a prisoner. I had already made inquiries at the War Office some time ago without success. In common with nearly all the missing he is dead. The bayonet work between the trenches is deadly, and practically no prisoners have been taken, for those left wounded are murdered. We have received innumerable inquiries, to no avail. Once prisoners they are safe enough, and the few taken are even considerably treated in the hospitals. A few English wounded here, to whom delicacies were brought, offered to share them with their Turkish bed-mates; the latter accepted the first time out of politeness and refused afterward, not to deprive these.

Many more wounded are expected. They are sending convalescents far and wide, and three thousand lately arrived at Konia. The newcomers speak of stern fighting around a watercourse near Krithia. The Allies lately have stayed far more in their trenches and left the offensive to the Turks, and these have suffered severely. Yet there are repeated rumours of a

grand offensive ever since reinforcements were dispatched. The Germans hint at impending great events. But there are rumours, too, of friction between Enver and Liman, and if anything now goes wrong we should hear more of this.

The *Breslau* had a narrow escape. A large rent was made in her side two feet below the waterline by a mine or torpedo which passed through the forward engine room. Yet her bulkheads held good and she was able to return under her own steam. It is creditable to German construction. The same thing happened twice to the *Goeben*, when she ran on mines which blew holes in her sides twenty yards long. The Germans all said that had it been an English ship she would have sunk in five minutes, and believe this vindicates Tirpitz' theory to sacrifice gun power for defensive strength. They repaired her with reinforced cement.

July 23.—To-day is the seventh anniversary of the repromulgation of the Constitution, and the city is beflagged by unwilling shopkeepers who loathe the Turks. We had expected a great victory at the Dardanelles to honour the occasion. But the official communiqué is silent. Instead, the press comes out with grandiloquent articles of the Turkish race

rediscovering its martial inheritance in this war. The heroes of Gallipoli, and of the Caucasus, are called the worthy descendants of Mohammed the Conqueror, of Selim the Grim, and Suleyman the Magnificent. If by any miracle the Turks come out of this war even half intact there will be a fearful revival of Islamic fanaticism, which the Germans will be the next to feel—for the native Christians are suffering keenly now. All the generous dreams of equality which prevailed seven years ago have long ago disappeared, and the free thought fashionable to boast of then has given way to a new bigotry. The Germans regard the future here with no little dread. It is said to be Wangenheim's opinion that the eventual reconciliation of Europe will be effected at the expense of Turkey in a kind of "Nachkrieg."

Mother C., freshly released from prison after wellnigh three months' confinement, called this morning at the Embassy. She has the sweet humility which nuns do not always possess. She had been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, but pardoned by Imperial grace, because one of the judges of the court-martial was discovered to have fabricated evidence in order to sell his decision. The alleged correspondence in secret writing, she swore, was all a forgery, and every other charge against her was false

save one—namely, that though an Alsatian and a German subject, her sympathies were French. Because of this the German Embassy refused to stir a finger, and would have welcomed her condemnation. Mrs. M. did her best, and herself pleaded with Enver. But without the judge's guilt she would have asked in vain. Mother C. has to leave Turkey at once. I asked her if she was going to France for whose sake she had suffered. But she told me sadly she could not because of her German nationality. I expressed the hope that she might soon become French. "C'est le meilleur souhait que vous puissiez me faire," was her answer.

We drove out to Therapia by Stenia, where the road is to be closed as soon as the Christian population has been expelled. All preparations were being made for the poor wretches, and we passed a number of carts removing household effects. Others were busy preparing to take away their chattels by water. The *Breslau* was high in the floating dock, an awning concealing the rent close to the forward funnel on the starboard side. Behind the *Goeben* I counted five destroyers and as many torpedo boats completely hidden from view from the Bosphorus. The Stenia road will be closed any day now, so it is doubtless the last time I shall see them.

July 24.—Walked with Captain M. behind Therapia. The entire hillside is dug with trenches laid out against enfilade fire, and behind these are gun foundations. All precautions have been taken, and I can understand military men when they say that the Bosphorus is a harder nut even than the Dardanelles. Prince Reuss, who was fresh from Gallipoli, told M. that the Germans use a secret explosive for their torpedoes with another basis than gun-cotton, which makes them far more powerful than the British. It is remarkable that they hit to sink and rarely seem to miss. Humann said to me it was the easiest thing in the world to aim a torpedo; but British submarines have not always been successful in the Marmora, and even when they hit an old hulk like the *Stamboul* she managed to get away.

July 25.—Reports have come in of the great Turkish attack at the Dardanelles. The Heir Presumptive and the poets and painters were there to assist at driving the Allies into the sea, but their inspiration was wasted. The attack began the morning of the 23rd, just after midnight, and lasted till six o'clock. The hospitals here have orders now to prepare for 20,000 wounded, and already 150 officers have arrived. There are, of course, no details and no intimation in the press of anything amiss, but

they seem to have used some of their last troops, for men in corduroy who were the home guard intended for local defence are among the wounded. Some of the Turks are beginning to admit that the Allies may break through—hitherto they regarded it impossible. They say their defence has been so brilliant, that there will be no credit if the latter should now succeed. Certainly the most remarkable success of the Germans has been their ability to organize this country, and galvanize the Turkish corpse.

July 26.—This morning about three o'clock heavy firing was heard. Its reason remains unknown, though the omnipresent submarine is mentioned. The cannon at Top Hané are said to have demolished a hotel in Stamboul trying to hit the enemy.

I lunched at the Italian Embassy. They are expecting early news of a break, and are getting out their last Consuls from Smyrna and Trebizond. Apparently there is foundation for Italian participation here, and the Turks believe it will take the shape of a landing at Enos in force—nowhere else would it be useful.

I heard from Sofia that the Bulgars were increasingly under the German thumb in allowing munitions of all kinds to pass. Only a very decided victory of the Entente could now make them change. The new German military

attaché, von Lossow, who was lately on the Western front, says the French nearly broke their line at Arras. Never before had they fought so well.

July 27.—The first result of the barrage at the Dardanelles has been the destruction of a French submarine—luckily the crew are saved. The Turks publish the capture without crediting it to the net. A Turkish official denied the recent attack, and told me the reports of the losses were “des cochonneries.” He meant these were high enough already without magnifying the number—they admit over 100,000. It is odd how little we can get at the truth, and how divided opinion is as to whether the Allies will break through. Sympathy takes the place of judgment, but even some who, like Captain M., are sympathetic with the Allies, doubt their success. The fact that the Turks possess superiority of numbers and position, and with German aid, show no signs of running out of munitions, makes it appear hopeless. Not being a military man my judgment is valueless, but I believe they will end by breaking through. German organization has accomplished wonders, but cannot lend heart to a struggle in which there is so little, and I doubt if the second line troops, who are now going down, will oppose as stout a resistance. All the

defences of the empire are converging at Gallipoli, and the end may be a long way off. Drafts of men gathered in the provinces are coming in daily to be turned into soldiers, while the search for deserters goes on. Here in the village of Therapia there are several. They surrounded some houses yesterday where they expected to find them, but these had time to get away. The countryside is everywhere full of men in hiding. A missionary, who arrived from the interior, told me that at every station men who had been enlisted would try to desert, and time would be lost in looking for them. Many, of course, have turned robbers, having no other means of support. Whenever acts of violence are committed the authorities lay these down to the Armenians, to excuse their ill-treatment.

As a bit of gratuitous cruelty the following seems unsurpassed. The homeless Armenian refugees from the Zeitoun had taken their cattle with them in their wanderings. But this has been requisitioned at Konia, where many find themselves. They can therefore neither sell it nor slaughter it for their own use, but are obliged to feed the beasts, for which they are held responsible, while barely able to keep themselves alive. The Armenians are in despair because the Russian offensive in the

Caucasus has come to a standstill. At Bagdad the Turks have received reinforcements. Some of the Indians there have volunteered and are being drilled by a German officer, while others, who received British relief, were acting, it is said, as Turkish spies. The Vali Suleyman Nazif, a good man, has been dismissed by a German military intrigue. There is plenty of sedition and discontent there too, but the military use the strong hand to keep it down.

July 28.—The fire of yesterday burned until seven o'clock this morning. At the Roumanian and Bulgarian Legations they were in terror lest the flames should reach them, and their archives and valuables were sent elsewhere. It stopped within a few yards of their rear, after having burned some three thousand wooden houses and ravaged entire Turkish quarters. There was little wind, but unfortunately there were neither firemen nor water. The water-taps had never been laid through that district owing to short-sighted economy, and the regular firemen are with the army. Liman did not want them and openly said so. They were of no use to put out fires provoked by grenades, for which he needed sappers. He telegraphed to Germany for a battalion of these, who had arrived. But the Constantinople firemen were sent to the front with every other available

man here, and their "redif" substitutes are utterly incompetent. Otherwise the fire could have been stopped much before. As soon as it threatened the house of Hueber, Krupps's agent, who was insured in three different companies, the agents of the latter arranged for the police to blow up the intervening houses. There are thousands of homeless refugees, and the Moslems among them are now being quartered in the empty houses of Pera, wherever these have been abandoned by their proprietors.

The persecution of the Greeks is assuming unexpected proportions. Only a fortnight ago they were reassured and told that the measures taken against the Greek villages in the Marmora were temporary and not comparable with those against the Armenians. Now it looks as if there is to be equality in suffering, and the intention existed to uproot and destroy both peaceful communities. The poor Greeks are obliged to leave their homes, often without any notice compelled to march night and day without food or water, and when they cry for this, their Turkish guards point to the mosque and tell them the highroad to the comforts of life lies in Islam. Their cattle, too, is requisitioned, and they are obliged to nourish it when they themselves starve. And by a refinement of cruelty the Greek community here is forbidden

to give them relief. At the Patriarchate they are desperate and know not where to turn, for the Gounaris Cabinet at Athens seems more interested in thwarting Venizelos than in the welfare of its nationals here, and is said to have suppressed all the reports from Turkey about Greek persecution.

July 29.—I heard from a fair source that at the Crown Council last week both Liman and Enver were anxious to have a grand attack made at Ari Bournu to drive the English into the sea, regardless of the sacrifice in men. Talaat and the others opposed this because of the cost, and could not be won over. Only a partial attack was made, which turned out a complete failure. Although the losses are on a less wholesale scale, yet six thousand wounded have already arrived here. From all accounts the English have made progress and are said to be in possession of three heights, from which they inflict daily loss on the Turks. Yet the latter are anything but discouraged. Whether, owing to Russian reverses in Galicia, or because the Germans have told them that the Dardanelles are impregnable, they are full of cheer.

The reinforcements lately dispatched, instead of being sent to Gallipoli, went to Enos, where an Italian landing is feared. The line of the railway to Demotika is being fortified

like a second Dardanelles. The Turkish strategic reserve is held in the neighbourhood of Kashan. But though they boast of a million men under arms, the army cannot amount to as many. One hundred and fifty thousand may remain at the Dardanelles, after deducting losses, and seventy thousand scattered in the triangle of Smyrna, Enos, and Constantinople, was the figure the Bulgarian Minister, who is well informed, gave me to-day. Every indication points to their being hard up for men, and the wounded are sent back to the front before they are completely cured.

At the Italian Embassy they believe the break imminent. There are ample grounds for rupture. Ever since Italy entered the war the Turks have done their utmost to throw difficulties in the way of Italians leaving this country. At Alexandretta they absolutely forbade it, and at Mersine, after first giving consent, as soon as we sent the *Des Moines* to embark these, the permission was rescinded. Garroni had addressed a kind of ultimatum over the Mersine incident, and it would not be surprising if the break took place over this. Sooner or later it must come. Italy has nothing to fear from the Turks, save the ill-treatment of her subjects.

July 30.—A German submarine was passing

the *Scorpion*¹ when one of our junior officers took a photograph of it from the captain's deck. He afterward explained that he did not want people to think that he had any reason to hide himself. The next day Enver sent word to ask the Embassy for the film, and request the *Scorpion* to move into the Golden Horn, alleging danger of floating mines. A new law published forbids photographing anything military. M. has succeeded in temporarily staying the removal of the *Scorpion* by explaining that during the hot weather he liked to dine on board!

To-day came word from the Patriarchate that the Armenian Bishop of Cesarea has been sentenced to death for having made a speech some time ago at Costanza in Roumania about the persecution of his people. We sent a letter soliciting imperial clemency, and the sentence may be stayed.

Enver has just returned from another visit to the Dardanelles, this time with the Duke of Mecklenburg, who is here incognito. There has been a great row among the Germans, and Liman von Sanders had the worst of it. He is said to be leaving for Berlin, ostensibly to confer with the General Staff. The change of a Commander-in-Chief during the operations is odd, if all has gone as well as they claim. His place is

The American guard-ship.

taken by Marshal Von der Goltz, still hale in spite of his seventy-six years, and looking more professorial than military. There are reports from German sources of a vigorous British offensive, and the islands around the Dardanelles are said to be gorging with men. We all wonder where the English army is, for thirty miles of Flanders front ought not to cover its usefulness, and more may be in this vicinity than we suspect.

Further disquieting rumours have come from Sofia too circumstantial to be without foundation. The old plan of the Germans breaking through the north-easterly corner of Serbia to open a passage through Bulgaria, is said to be revived. The Bulgarians will protest platonically, but as their army will also be engaged against the Serbians in Macedonia, they will do nothing, and the Germans can thus send much-needed reinforcements and munitions there. It sounds like short-sighted treachery at Sofia, but everything is possible in these days of heroism and villainy. Greece is to be bought off by the guarantee of her new territories, and Serbia strangled from both sides. Sofia wants Macedonia first and last, but the means adopted must prove dangerous in the end, and the Turkish surrender under this plan of Kirk Kilisse and the railway line to

Dedeagatch will be inadequate compensation for the future of Bulgaria if a new warlike Turkey and an enlarged Austria are to be her near neighbours.

German pressure in all the Balkan capitals is now very strong, and at Bucarest has passed from cajoling to intimidation. The German Embassy's organ, the *Ottoman Lloyd*, publishes an article to-day which states that if the Roumanians count on their Hohenzollern dynasty to obtain advantages by mere neutrality, they are mistaken. To Austria it is indifferent whether she has Roumania as a vassal of Russia, or Russia itself, as a neighbour. The Germans say openly that Roumania will not be forgiven if she prolongs her neutrality. Coming at a time when the new German Ambassador is a brother-in-law of the King of Roumania, the view is interesting. At lunch to-day with Izzet Pasha, the Austrian Ambassador told me he thought the blame richly deserved. Meanwhile the Roumanian Minister is the most nervous of men. At a party he gave the other day in honour of Helene, he refused to invite T. because he is Italian, although Frau von W. begged him to. He has not got over his fear last week, when N., who in company with myself is regarded by the Germans as an arch enemy, asked for a seat in his carriage on his

return from lunch with us at Therapia, and he had to pass before the entire German Embassy in sight of every one. So many here live in terror of doing anything displeasing to the Germans.

A man from Trebizond, who arrived here in a motor-boat, tells me that the Russians have neglected their opportunities in the Black Sea region, although even the Turks would have welcomed them. They have confined themselves to petty raids with champagne lunches on shore. From Russia itself the few reports one hears are not encouraging.

July 31.—I talked over the Bulgarian situation with X. Effendi. He thought the Entente made a grave error in not seizing Salonica to force Greece willy nilly to join. Greek popular sentiment was so overwhelmingly for the Allies that the present Government—Germanophile, or rather anti-Venizelist, though it be—would not dare do anything, and aid would thus be given Serbia of a nature Bulgaria must respect. Greece could not do otherwise than join if her hands were forced. The Allies rightly had no scruples in seizing the Greek islands as a necessary base of operations. In what way would their occupation of Salonica be different?

V

AUGUST

BULGARIA DECIDES

Aug. 1.—Discussed the Bulgarian-Serbian situation with Koloucheff, who came to lunch. He thought the military occupation by the Allies of the Salonica-Nisch line probable, in order to exert pressure on Serbia to make the necessary concessions. Personally I believe it would be a master-stroke. It would (1) force the hand of Greece; (2) effectively deter Bulgaria from attacking Serbia, which in such case would mean attacking the Allies; (3) facilitate Serbian concessions, as the Allies being in possession of this territory could guarantee its delivery; (4) justify asking for such concessions by the additional aid afforded Serbia; (5) render increasingly difficult the possibility of the Central Powers forcing a passage to Bulgaria and Turkey; (6) facilitate an eventual Serbian offensive. Koloucheff did not believe that Bulgaria would in any case tolerate

the passage of German troops, which was contrary to her interests. But he spoke in the harshest terms of the Serbian Government. His hatred is unmeasured, though he agreed with me that to substitute an enlarged Austria for the present Serbia would not be to his country's interests. Sooner or later war was inevitable over Macedonia if it were not ceded freely. In that case Bulgaria, "to pay its debts," would move against Turkey. He quoted General Savoff, who declared that in twenty-two days they could be at Gallipoli, and in thirty-one the Dardanelles would be open. I asked him, if such cession proved impossible, would Bulgaria begin war against Serbia at this time. He said "No," out of respect for Russia. Bulgaria was anxious, moreover, he had the effrontery to tell me, to create a new canon of morality in spite of the example set by the great powers.

He confirmed what I had lately heard, of a sudden halt in the persecution of the Greeks here. German influence, which wants Athens to maintain comparative neutrality, has been at work to deter the Turks from further embittering the situation, while a good deal of personal influence has also been used. Word has now been received at the Patriarchate that in the Vilayet of Broussa the Greeks expelled will be

allowed to return. The official euphemism to explain this is characteristic. It states that the measures lately taken for the additional security of the Greek population (*i.e.*, their expulsion) having been followed by new dispositions, which will accomplish the same purpose in a different manner, the villagers are now authorized to return. No one knows here if the permission is local or general. For the poor Armenians there is no relaxation, and reports of massacres come in continually, while the criminal policy goes unchecked. Koloucheff told me, however, that the Bishop of Cesarea would not be executed.

Aug. 3.—Both yesterday and this morning a small dirigible “Draken” balloon rose from the Beicos plain till it surmounted the Bosphorus. No one knew it existed, and it is a recent importation from Germany. Beyond Buyukdere, and stretching across to Kavak where the Bosphorus is narrowest, one can see the “barrage,” or rather the line of buoys which marks it. An open passage is left close to the Asiatic shore. I noticed a small steamer, after passing this, pursuing a zigzag course through the minefield.

The latest is that Liman remains here. He was recently requested to undertake a special mission to Berlin, wherupon he turned sharply and asked if his resignation was desired. No

one liked to say it was, so he is back at the Dardanelles. At Seddulbahr, Weber has been succeeded by Vehib Pasha, whom I met the other day. His brother Essad commands at Ari Bournu, where the English are said to have progressed in the direction of Anafarta. But little serious news has filtered through. Wounded keep on arriving, some properly looked after, others with festered wounds. But Constantinople can only take about thirty thousand, and the others are sent where they can be lodged or not lodged. Those on the mend here, to make room for more serious cases, are sent to Konia and Angora for recovery, when they are not dispatched to the front before they are well.

The submarines have been active again. Two of the biggest ships, including the *Haleb*, have lately been sunk in the Marmora, and the Turks are fuming. The Embassy received more protests from Enver about Allied inhumanity, and for a fourth time a Turkish hospital is said to have been bombarded from the air. He declares that reprisals will now take place. The crew of the French submarine *Marriette*, caught at Chanak, were clever enough to save their own lives and sink their ship before capture. They succeeded in raising the stern to the water-level, whence all scrambled out,

the last man lifting the plug which let in the water.

They are turning out officers here at the rate of two hundred a week, which sounds incredible. The boys are put through a five-months' course, three of which they serve as common soldiers. But the life is very hard, and my little friend, F. Bey, could not stand it for long. Cadets work ten hours a day, and as fast as they complete their course are dispatched to the Dardanelles. Very few boys of good family here go to the front, and I only know of two who have been killed. Fuad Pasha's and Hikmet Pasha's sons. Most of the others obtain safe jobs.

Aug 4.—The Italian Embassy has sent in an ultimatum, which expires at four o'clock to-morrow, demanding the immediate opening of Mersine, Alexandretta, Haifa, and Jaffa, and the subsequent aperture of any port necessary to permit the departure of their subjects. They are perfectly right to insist, for they have been trifled with long enough. Though the matter is still a secret, every one knows it. Helene goes with them when they leave.

At lunch we met Weitz, who was full of German successes in Poland, and declared that with the line of the Narew and the Vistula lightly held, twenty-five German army corps

would be dispatched to the Western front. He is himself West German enough to talk of revolution after the war if there are no internal reforms and to realize to what extent the Germans are hated. "We are still," he said, "too young a nation. Others have not yet had reason to love us, but they must admire us." The French, he remarked, were now fighting better, the English less well than at the beginning of the war. He spoke of the German Embassy personnel, and mentioned the immense services rendered by two Germans born in Smyrna—Von Hass and Humann, who possess a pliability rare in the pure German.

The Armenian deputy, Zohrab, whose arrest a few weeks ago caused such sensation, is dead. The official version is that he died at Ourfa on his way for trial at Diabekr, but there is naturally scepticism. The other deputy, Vartkes, who accompanied him, "died," also on the way, from "a fall from his horse." The persecution of Armenians is assuming unprecedented proportions, and it is carried out with nauseating thoroughness. The Armenian Patriarch told the Austrian Ambassador that at one village, after children under ten had been distributed among the Moslem population, all above that age were thrown into the river. As some knew how to swim, the soldiers were ordered

to fire upon them till they were exterminated. The persecution could never have attained such terrible proportions had the Turks been less successful.

Hamilton's report of the Dardanelles landing, which has just reached here, makes sad reading. Last February a small force could have seized and destroyed the fort at Seddulbahr, while in April thousands of lives were lost before the landing was accomplished. All winter the peninsula was easy to force by land, but the Turks were given the time they wanted to make it impregnable. Even after the first landing, if troops and munitions had been forthcoming, Achi Baba and Krithia could have been captured. But now they are still fighting along the same line as in the beginning of May. There are rumours of a mutiny at San Stefano of troops ordered to the Dardanelles. All agree that it is hell there.

Aug. 5.—A day of excitement over the Italians. Their ultimatum was to expire at four o'clock, and at quarter-past four everything had been arranged for T. to carry the declaration of war to the Porte. We were busy packing, for Helene would have left with them. G. and the others were hoping that the Turks would not give in, but were to be disappointed, for all their demands about opening the ports

were accepted by three o'clock. I understand that several reasons influenced the Turks. They were not anxious for a break just now because of the effect it might produce on their negotiations with Bulgaria, which they say are almost terminated. The Turks are ready to cede at once the right bank of the Maritza and Kirk Kilisse, in return for Bulgarian neutrality and the passage of munitions. The hitch has come over Adrianople, which Enver makes a personal matter, for he climbed to glory by retaking it.

The second point concerns the fear of an immediate landing by the Italians either at Enos or else at Yenikeui, near Kum Kaleh. The Turks are now fortifying both points with feverish haste, but require a little more time to prepare the defence in order to make them into a second Dardanelles. At Kum Kaleh an army corps has been dispatched from Ari Bournu. The Allies have been dogged with ill-success by not better timing their efforts. At the Dardanelles positions which could have been had for a song before the middle of March have now become impregnable. Had the Italians declared war on Turkey at the same time as on Austria, they could have landed easily where they liked. To-day it is otherwise. It is the same tale in the Persian Gulf and on the

Caucasus front. It has been the same with the Russians. If they had sent a landing force to Midia, the Turks could never have resisted the attack from both sides, and at least there would have been one positive success to register. Instead, the army collected at Odessa for that purpose was swallowed up in the Galician disaster, and with it Russian political influence is lost in the Balkans. The Turks, of course, take most of the credit for making possible the fall of Warsaw and Ivangorod. The city is beflagged once more, though few rejoice.

I have heard it stated positively, and again denied, that the French submarine *Marriette*, sunk at the Dardanelles, has been refloated, and is now in the Golden Horn. Also that a Turkish destroyer, with thirty-six German officers on board, was torpedoed in the Marmora. One knows not what to believe. German officers are arriving continually here, as well as artificers and machinists. At Galata, a patrol of Bavarians guards the streets.

Aug. 6.—Prince Burhaneddin is having an enjoyable time at Berlin. He was penniless here, and even had to borrow money from Enver to get away. But at Berlin he found himself, to his surprise, the guest of the German Government, who do things handsomely. A sumptuous apartment and motor-car are at his

disposal, and the necessary funds advanced him. He will return here enthusiastically pro-German.

The Committee of National Defence is now making money rapidly by its monopolies of sugar and petrol, etcetera. Their declared intention is to accumulate a capital which they can afterward use to get the trade of the country into Moslem hands, and remove it from Armenians and Greeks. How much sticks one cannot say. Meanwhile the measures against the Armenians have already had a deplorable financial effect. The Deutsche Orient Bank has lost £750,000 from the failures of the poor wretches expelled and murdered, and if massacres go on there will be nothing left of the few remaining shreds of Turkish credit. Paris and London are closed to them, and Berlin will drive far harder terms when it has them at its mercy. An effort is being made to induce Helfferich, the new Minister of Finance, to wire to Talaat about the financial effect of the persecutions. Since the Edict of Nantes there has been nothing to compare with these. But can any one now stop this madness? There is talk of something afoot here as soon as the month of Ramazan is over. Doubtless deportations, though many believe massacres. They will hardly go as far here, but everything is

now possible. A remarkable feature of the East is its ability to concoct in silence the most far-reaching schemes. It was so in 1908 and 1909, when the Revolution and the Counter-Revolution in each case burst over us unawares. It has been so with this persecution. Putting things together now, one realizes how, after the repulse of the Allies at the Dardanelles on March 18, the Committee believed the moment opportune for carrying into execution their ancient policy against the Armenians. Apparent justification could now be given to this by the exploits of Armenian revolutionaries in the Caucasus. At secret meetings held here, they decided to dispatch emissaries to all the provincial authorities through Asia Minor. Telegraphic orders were sent, accompanied by further verbal instructions which aimed at a partial extermination and a permanent crippling of the Armenians. The different dates at which the measures were begun all point to their having been received at various times. In certain instances they were carried out more brutally than at others; sometimes the military, sometimes the civilian authorities did what little lay in their discretion to mitigate their rigour. Thus Djemal Pasha, high-handed and brutal as he has proved himself, was fairly moderate toward the Armenians. We probably know as yet

but a small fraction of the crimes perpetrated. It is only where American missionaries have been present, or else by chance, that one hears of the atrocities; but the fragments of evidence are convincing as to their wide-reaching nature. To what extent have the Germans been responsible, and could they have prevented them? It seems impossible to acquit the German Embassy of a heavy share of responsibility. The measures of deportation which were undertaken against the Greeks last year were under German military advice. Similar measures under cover of alleged military necessity have again provided the leverage for the present persecution. German officers are said by the Turks to have counselled the measures of expulsion for the Christian population in the Marmora and on the Bosphorus, and to have advised disarming the Christian soldiers and utilizing them for manual labour. Under the pretence of not wishing to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, the Germans have sanctioned in silence every crime. To-day, after indignation has everywhere exploded, they are ready enough to bombard the Porte with harmless notes and memoranda which will later make good reading for their own defence. But in the beginning, when it lay in their power to stop these iniquities, they did nothing, and allowed free

rein to be given to all the barbarous forces at work here without raising their voice in restraint, while their Consuls were forbidden to interfere in the "internal affairs" of Turkey.

Aug. 7.—The *Scorpion* has been obliged to enter the Golden Horn and anchor between the two bridges. It will be hard for the crew, who are allowed little shore leave because of their quarrels with the Germans. High military reasons were assigned for the order, but the truth was they were afraid lest our sailors signal to English submarines. They are preparing more nets and mines in the Bosphorus. A net now stretches outside Top Hané.

More Germans are daily arriving, though Enver had the effrontery to declare that there were only thirty German officers in Turkey. Weitz the other day spoke of 300, but there are probably far more, and several thousand artificers and men sent by Krupp for munitions. They are said to be running short of certain raw materials, and their shells are being filled with glass. From the Dardanelles one can get no authentic news, and the reports about Liman von Sanders are as contradictory as they are precise.

Our ships at Beirut, which are there to take away the Italians, will not embark those of military age without the consent of the Austrian Ambassador.

Aug. 8.—The Turkish press has come out with the report that the Serbs are at last ready to cede Macedonia immediately to Bulgaria, and that Prince Troubetzkoi has arrived at Sofia to make the definite offer. It hardly seems likely, but it may mean that the Turkish agreement with Bulgaria is less advanced than they would have us believe. Far more secrecy than before now surrounds the negotiations with the Entente, and there are rumours of a revival of the Balkan League. Serbia itself is described by recent correspondents as quite exhausted, living on such aid as it receives from the West. Yet their land greed remains unquenchable. Although they do not know if they will be in existence to-morrow, they divert their few forces by an expedition to Durazzo, while Montenegro sends one to Scutari, and talk glibly of their next war with Italy over Dalmatia. But Bulgaria makes it a point that Serbia must obtain no considerable territorial accession.

The Armenian deportations have begun here. The cook's boy, who is Armenian, was in tears this morning because sixty of his nationals had been taken by the police. Talaat declares the policy irrevocable. He reproaches the Armenians with having enriched themselves at their expense, with wishing to domineer them, also seeking to create a separate state, and siding

with their enemies. For all these reasons the Government, availing themselves of conditions caused by the war, had determined to break up every compact Armenian community in Asia Minor and transport them to Zor and other localities in the desert. If Kurds murdered some on the way, this could not be helped, nor was he responsible for the brutality of subordinates. Three-quarters of the deportation had already been done and hundreds of thousands had been removed. There might be financial loss. The Turks, he admits, have already lost a million pounds, and he was ready to put the total loss at five times that amount. The Government would none the less persist. They had conquered this land and wanted a Turkey for the Turks. In speaking of the Armenians in Constantinople, Talaat said that nothing would be done against them unless they moved, which would entail the gravest consequences. All this sounds ominous for the near future, and the only hope for the Armenians lies in Turkish defeat. If they continue successful, there will be little left of the race, and massacres even here would not be surprising.

The Italians are rather regretful that their ultimatum should have been accepted. G. told me yesterday that he did not intend sending

any further notes to the Porte, but at the first infraction of the agreement would declare war. As there are no existing means of departure from any of the ports in question, the understanding has not yet been tested. In a few days, when our ships call to embark the Italians, we shall know definitely.

At a bridge-party at the C.'s I asked a native friend, who is in touch with the powers here, what news there was from the Dardanelles. He replied that I was too much watched to make it advisable to speak to me there. Later he told me that the English had made another landing, and in the fighting of the last few days the Turks had lost 25,000 men, including many prisoners. I asked if they were discouraged, whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, and cited as typical that they had just sent 40,000 pounds to Vienna to buy an Embassy! But there are some signs. At the Municipal Gardens the band received orders not to play. The village of Yenikeui alone has lost fifty of its inhabitants, all Greeks, who were not supposed to be in the firing line.

The *Barbarossa* was sunk this morning by a submarine. She had left the Golden Horn only the night before.

One comic incident of this war concerns the local firemen. They had all left here, and

we were under the impression that they were at the Dardanelles. Instead they had been sent to Bassorah and are now prisoners at Bombay.

There has been more trouble with the Arab soldiers quartered on the Bosphorus. They were brought here under the pretence that the Prophet's mantle had been unfurled, which meant war against all Infidels, as opposed to the Jihad, which is only against certain unbelievers. When they found this untrue there was almost a revolt. The military authorities promised to send them back to their homes, and embarked them presumably for Gallipoli. Their presence is not likely to change matters, as their discipline was particularly bad.

Last night we went to the ceremony of the Leilei Kader at Saint Sophia. We watched the worship of thousands, who knelt in regular rows and beat their heads against the ground. The place was wonderfully illuminated, as was every mosque and minaret in Stamboul. Afterward we drove to the Conqueror's mosque, where we mingled with the worshippers. But there was nowhere any sign of fanaticism, or resentment at our presence, though Helene and Mrs. J. were with me. The Government has tried its best to stir the people against everything which is not Turkish, but has only

succeeded with the so-called educated and atheistic Young Turks!

Aug. 9.—The *Barbarossa* was sunk in the Marmora, and not in the Dardanelles, as officially announced. She was convoying barges full of munitions, and also two transports, when she found herself surrounded by six submarines. The transports were supposed to protect her, but in spite of their presence the second torpedo proved effective, and she sank in seven minutes. One of the transports and a gunboat were also sunk, the other ran aground. Of crews of 700 only one-third were saved. The Grand Vizier has come out with a peculiarly Turkish tale that immediately afterward an aeroplane passing over the submarine dropped a bomb which sank it. The *Hamidié* also has returned considerably damaged, and a gunboat was towed in with a broken back, both from the Black Sea direction, where they had doubtless gone to convoy coal.

This morning I saw a small submarine going out on a tour to reassure the population, but the famous U 51, which sank the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*, is believed to have been torpedoed at the Dardanelles.

The English took the Turks by surprise in their landing the other day at the Salt Lake. The water was so shallow there that no one

believed they could approach. As it was, they marched a few miles inland almost without opposition. Turks who are not in the Government consider the position very serious, but the officials still profess optimism. They always continue here serene until the end. I suggested to the Italians that when they break they add the Armenian question to the cause. The moral effect would be considerable, and as they have territorial ambitions over Cilicia, there would be a distant political gain in obtaining the gratitude of the population. G., with whom I discussed it, was afraid lest this would mean more delay, as he would have to ask for fresh instructions at a time when he is anxious to leave.

A certain number of Turkish officers in handcuffs have arrived from the Dardanelles, and there are repeated rumours of mutiny or rather of refusal to march against the Allies. There is probably some foundation, for the war is not popular, and the Turkish soldiers go to the front with resignation but little cheer. I heard of one officer, a former military attaché, who positively refused to fight either English or French, though he declared himself ready to march against the Russians. In most cases, however, the reluctance comes from fear of the big guns. Their celebrity has spread through

Asia Minor, and the Anatolian peasant has little wish to be a victim.

Aug. 10.—The recent English landing, according to Enver, consists of three divisions, or over fifty thousand men, and they have already effected their junction with the forces of Ari Bournu. But Enver is always confident, and declared this morning that whatever number the Allies send, will always be opposed by superior forces. He claims one hundred and fifty thousand in course of training here. His serenity is extraordinary, and convinced my pro-German informant, who had been depressed by the news of the landing. The English have advanced beyond the Salt Lake, and if they can occupy the crest of the hills, they should soon make it hot for their defenders.

Later news from Koloucheff is that the battle has been raging since yesterday morning, and that they have not yet been able to stop the English advance, which now occupies Buyuk and Kutchuk Anafarta. Still, they express confidence. W., who is in with the Germans, though not unsympathetic to the Entente, thinks that without Bulgaria they will never pass the Dardanelles, and if the hundred heavy guns now lying at the Roumanian frontier are allowed to come through the Allies will be driven away. We have some indication of the

losses by a hurry order for all hospital ships to go down to the Dardanelles, and for every available bed here to be made ready. Eight thousand wounded are expected at once.

Neither the Austrians nor the Germans were consulted or even informed by the Turks about the recent Italian ultimatum. They had no idea of it, until they heard it was accepted, and both Ambassadors have now protested over the scanty consideration shown them as allies.

Aug. 11.—The prisoners at Afion Karahissar are now fairly well treated. Though suffering no physical ill-treatment, they were handled with scanty consideration in the beginning when the Turks tried to make it wilfully unpleasant for them; there has lately been improvement. The officers occupy a small house; they were obliged to lease quarters from the Commandant's brother at an exorbitant rent. They have a small space in the garden for exercise, but lately a little more liberty is given them. The Turks too are beginning to take more prisoners at the Dardanelles. Enver felt the stigma that they gave no quarter, and issued stringent orders to the contrary. In the last few days they report capturing almost two hundred; but it will be some time before we know if this is true. Whenever we received

inquiries about the missing, there has so far been only one answer to give.

The reports about the Armenians have now come in from every Consul in the interior; no longer hearsay, but direct—terrible in their grim tragedy. At Harput our Consul lately saw the deported during the halt there, and related that nothing could equal their misery. He spoke to three sisters educated here and speaking English. They belonged to the richest family of Erzeroum, and when ordered to go they had with them horses and valuables. At that time their family consisted of twenty-five members. Eleven of these had already been murdered before their eyes on the roadside, and the oldest remaining male representative was only eight years of age. They had been stripped of everything by the Kurds and left literally naked, till their very guards had to borrow shirts for them from the women of a Turkish village. About five hundred formed this caravan, mostly women and children, for nearly all the men had already been killed. They had been two months on the road. The Government doled them out a pittance of food, for which they fought like wild beasts. The women would beg passers-by to take their children, so that they at least might not starve. And at every halt Turks would be invited to

select such women as they preferred, and would often come attended by physicians to inspect these. The fate of the men is simpler. They are led away at night into neighbouring valleys and shot down in cold blood by their guards, who finish them with their bayonets. The murder of Armenians has become almost a sport, and one Turkish lady passing one of these caravans, and thinking she too would relish killing an Armenian, on the guards' invitation took out a revolver and shot the first poor wretch she saw. The whole policy of extermination transcends one's capacity for indignation. It has been systematic in its atrocious cruelty, even to the extent of throwing the blame for the murders on the Kurds, who are instigated by the Government to lie in wait in order to kill and pillage. Its horrors would be unbelievable if less universally attested. For scientific cruelty and butchery it remains without precedent. The Turks have wilfully destroyed the greatest source of economic wealth in their country. In three months' time they have done more damage than years of war could have caused. The persecution is madness, but one wonders when the day of reckoning will come, and if it is close enough at hand still to save the few remnants of this wretched community.

Aug. 12.—This morning at three o'clock a violent cannonading shook the house. Helene asked if it was the signal for a massacre, for one's nerves are on edge, but fortunately I remembered it was Bairam. We shall be treated to the same kind of celebration during the next three days.

The Italians are a little perplexed over their position. In Syria, where they were to leave in our warships, the authorities demand that these take the belligerent subjects, mostly Jews, as well as neutrals. But as there is no port to land the former the latter cannot go. It is a violation of the recent ultimatum. Italian vessels are now on their way to embark their reservists. If they break at once their subjects will not be allowed to leave at all. If they delay in order to get these away the opportunity for rupture may pass.

The Greeks, after having been without a minister here for months, have suddenly asked for Gryparis's "agrément." He knows this country well, but it is inconceivable that an envoy be sent in the midst of Greek persecutions. At Athens the papers published accounts of these, but the Gounaris Government as promptly denied their truth. They are interested in only one thing—downing Venizelos, and to bring this about are ready to do

anything under cover of the King. The latter is playing a most dangerous game, though his philo-Germanism may be of greater use to him at Berlin than in Athens. It seems pitiable to think of Greece divided at this time and indulging in wretched personal bickerings.

Gryparis's appointment may mask another purpose. The Entente, which has just presented its note at Nisch, recommending the cession of Macedonia to the Bulgars, has also handed one to Greece, which is understood to urge the cession of Cavalla in return for other compensation, which includes Cyprus. As the Gounaris Government has made the retention of Cavalla a point of honour in order to spite Venizelos, and prefers this to every other blandishment, it is not unlikely that they are resuming normal diplomatic relations here to give the impression of flirting with Germany and ease the pressure brought on them by the Entente, which had regarded Greece as a vassal state. The Germans have bought up half the papers in Athens, have organized manifestations, and their activity extends through the army; but the people remain solid for the Entente. It will be curious to watch how much longer the present jockeying tactics can keep Venizelos from power.

Aug. 13.—New orders have been received

at the Syrian ports forbidding the departure of any neutrals. Djemal, who acts as a dictator and never hesitates to disobey orders from the capital, has probably taken the matter into his own hands. Djemal is even more high-handed than the men here, and I lately heard him described, with some reason, as a megalomaniac with homicidal tendencies. His action is in direct violation of the recent ultimatum, and gives the Italians ample ground for a *casus belli*. They have, however, referred the matter to Rome before breaking.

The last regular Syrian troops are being dispatched to the front. The 25th Division arrived some time ago, and the other two are now on their way. There has been a shortage of coal, but a few thousand tons arrived yesterday and orders have come to send it at once to Panderma for military transport. It looks as if the English were now straining their efforts to cut the communications at Gallipoli from the European side. The new landing is reported to have consisted of over 100,000 men, and the lines have been extended, it is said, almost to Boulair, apparently with the idea of encircling the Turks. The Turkish wounded say the losses on their side are enormous, for time and again they had to charge in the face of machine gun fire, only to be mowed down.

Yet their moral remains wonderfully good. The official communiqué speaks of the severe Allied losses and of 3000 British dead lying in front of one of their divisions. The struggle is going on for the mastery of the heights, but with result unknown, though the foothills are undoubtedly in English possession.

Enver is cheery as always, and now takes the entire credit on himself for the German campaign in Poland, since Turkey, by immobilizing 400,000 English, has prevented the latter from breaking through in Flanders. The recent landing at Suvla merely lengthened the Ari Bournu line and will allow them to pierce it more easily. He quoted General d'Amade as being right when he wanted at least 300,000 men to undertake the Dardanelles expedition and give battle in the open. Now, he said, 500,000 would still be insufficient, and declared that on their War Office rolls 1,890,000 men had been mobilized. If one counts the labour battalions of Greeks and Armenians this is possibly true, but it would be surprising if more than 800,000 were armed and equipped. Certainly very few of the troops one sees here now have rifles. As a recent trophy Enver has mounted on a Byzantine marble column in his garden a 15-inch shell from the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Aug. 14.—I visited the Harbié hospital this morning, wishing to see fifteen wounded Australians and New Zealanders whom I heard were there, but thought it wiser not to declare my intention. The Turkish surgeon in charge, however, asked me at once if I wanted to visit them, and put me in charge of an American-educated Armenian physician, who took me to their ward. The Turks are very proud of being able at last to produce some prisoners, and showing how well they look after these, for the reports of murdering the wounded had ended by vexing them. Of the fifteen, three were bad cases, and may not recover. One presented a horrible dropsical appearance, and suffered from a bullet wound received while lying on the ground, which penetrated his lung and came out through the small of the back; but he was already better, after life had been despaired of. The wounded with whom I spoke were confident and cheerful, certain of final success. They were proud of themselves as Australians, and thought they had done their share. "They say we were better than the English," one pale lad, with a bullet through his leg, remarked. He had fallen in a bayonet charge at the foot of Hill 781, and owed his life to shamming death. His comrades around him, who had been left there wounded, had all

been bayoneted, like hundreds of others, he told me. He himself was finally pulled into a Turkish trench by an officer. He had been stripped of everything, but the officer gave him a pair of boots. Three times his few belongings were taken from him, and as often new ones given, for the Turks are extraordinary in this. One moment they will murder wantonly, and the next surprise every one by their kindness. Thus when the first English submarine prisoners were led into the hospital at Chanak, shivering in their wet clothes, the Turkish wounded called them guests, and insisted on their being given everything new, and such few delicacies as they possessed. At the Harbié hospital the men were in good hands. I reassured them about their fate as prisoners, but warned them to be careful of what they said—for their opinion of the Turkish soldiery was not very high. "They run when we charge," and "if it were not for the Germans," were the two remarks I heard. But they also criticized their own officers as too young and inexperienced. They spoke of considerable numbers of Turkish prisoners taken lately. The Gurkhas had brought in 700 a few nights before, when they captured a gun. Their advance was steady. They themselves had been taken over two miles from the coast.

Only a little more, and the main ridge overlooking the Straits would be in their possession.

The Turkish losses have been enormous. One Turkish medical officer spoke of 100,000 killed. This afternoon at the Harbié alone 500 more wounded are expected.

Lunched at the Roumanian Legation in honour of Prince Hohenlohe. Weitz, who sat next to me at table, tried to find out about the plans of the Italians, and thought their declaring war on Turkey would be followed by a German declaration against them. If they brought troops to the Dardanelles, these would be fighting the Germans. He was in a particularly cocky mood, though he described himself as the most moderate of his nation. The Germans would soon occupy Petrograd. They had on the East front twelve armies and sixty-one army corps, and the Russians in another week's time would be definitely crushed. There were only two and a half Austrian corps with them, all the rest were German, which is untrue. As soon as Russian resistance was definitely crushed, they would send an army to occupy the Valley of the Po, and another to conquer Champagne and Normandy. The French population from both provinces, as well as in Belgium, would be expelled, and Germans settled there—these would be their new colonies.

and they were entirely indifferent to public opinion in the matter. He cited, with full statistics, all the triumphs of German organization, but I told him that he had forgotten one—they had taught their enemies to do the same, and that there was quite as much confidence in London and Paris as at Berlin.

A young German guardsman, Von W., who had seen the Eiffel Tower in the march on Paris, and had then looked forward to supping at Maxim's, was more agreeable. He spoke in high terms, and without rancour, of both French and English, and most appreciatively of the splendid fighting qualities of the first British Expeditionary Force. The retreat from the Marne was effected without they themselves at first realizing it. They had just attended divine service when the orders came to take another road, which they did, ignoring it was a retreat. He laid the blame on Von Hausen's army, which by its delay had allowed the French to wedge them in from three sides.

Aug. 15.—Sixty English prisoners arrived here this morning, and were marched across the bridge. The French prisoners from the *Marriette* have been interned at Angora. The War Office has felt the stigma of not being able to point to any other prisoners than the

handful at Afion Karahissar, so they scatter the few new ones.

A large collier, the *Ispahan*, was sunk this morning by a submarine in the port of Haidar Pasha while she was unloading, the submarine creeping up under the lee of another boat. The *Ispahan* sank in such shallow water that most of the coal can be recovered. Two transports, with supplies, were also sunk in the Marmora. One is the *Chios*, the other the *Samsoun*.

Aug. 16.—The *Goeben* is reported to have left for the Dardanelles. Various reasons are given, but the favourite one is that the Germans had been criticized for exposing Turkish ships and not their own. The recent fighting there has been very severe, and the Turks claim success. They admit that the landing was a surprise, that the English were able to destroy a weak division of invalids sent back to the front before they were well, and which, though intended for reserve, had to bear the brunt of the attack with only two field-pieces. As soon as reinforcements were brought up the Allies lost the hill they had first captured. There are rumours of a surrender of 1200 English, of whom only 200 have been saved from massacre. But, as usual, it is hard to know what to believe, though it looks as if operations were again at

a standstill. The most discouraging symptom here is that the few military men friendly to the Allies see no hope of success. But, on the other hand, there is the scarcity of munitions, which is bound to come up. I learn from a Turkish friend that for the present they still have a supply, and so long as it lasts the Dardanelles are impregnable, but it cannot go on indefinitely. As it is, they say the Allies fire ten shots to their one. Their average losses now run to 1500 men daily.

There are fresh rumours of Liman von Sanders's retirement, owing to differences with Enver. The latter is always in favour of a grand attack pushed on regardlessly, while Liman points out that in case of reverse, the capital would be in danger. The Grand Vizier remains serene through it all, hurling defiance at the rest of the world. "England," he remarked to a Turkish friend, "we used to fear England; now we know she can do nothing to us." He calmly prophesied at Bairam that the war would be over in twenty days, the Russians being completely beaten; he had this himself from the German General Staff. And when the Austrian Ambassador remonstrated about the Armenian persecution, saying that every Christian country would be against them, he rejoined, "They have only to become Moslem."

But the Committee holds him in stiff check. He lately received a sharp letter from Fethy Bey, the Turkish Minister at Sofia, who had been left uninformed of some independent negotiations carried on here with Bulgaria. The Grand Vizier asked for his resignation, and proposed to send Djevad in his place. Talaat, however, stopped this and rebuked the Grand Vizier for venturing to take such a decision without consulting his superiors.

Talaat remarked to-day that the agreement with Bulgaria was as good as signed, which is proof that it is not.¹ I fancy the Bulgars went ahead with it to the utmost limit in order to blackmail the Entente into extorting the greatest concessions, but doubt if they will commit themselves to either side for the present. At Bucarest they seem at last to have made their arrangements with Russia, but the time of entry is left to their discretion, and the present moment is not opportune.

Aug. 17.—The scarcity of foodstuffs is daily

¹ The protocol between Bulgaria and Turkey was signed in the latter part of September in the railway station at Demotika. Its signature was dependent on the Bulgarian decree of mobilization, and only after copies of this had been posted late at night in the streets of Sofia, and so reported by the Turkish Legation there to the Governor of Adrianople, Hadji Adil Bey, was the latter empowered to sign. The complete taking over of the territory ceded by Turkey was fixed for the day when the Bulgarians attacked the Serbs.

making itself more felt. There is hardly any bread, and there are always fights over the distribution at the bakeries. Only the other day a woman died from the effects of being roughly handled by the police, who are present when it is doled out. There is like scarcity with other staples. Rice now costs thirteen piastres an oke instead of two, and dried beans seven piastres, when a year ago they were sold for one. Coal is four times its usual price, and there is difficulty in obtaining it. Production and transportation have practically ceased, and, as if this were not enough, the Society of National Defence has monopolized all commodities, and doles them out at enormous profits. The misery is intense, and one can hardly conceive what it will be during the winter if the Allies do not enter. Every now and then there are attempts to reprovision the capital. Occasional Roumanian ships slip through the Russian blockade, which is very ineffective, and some of the enterprising local Jews send "mahons" to Ismidt to bring back what they can. They usually send five or six in succession, as some are certain to come to grief at the hands of the submarines, who have established a firm control. When the history of this war comes to be written, there will be no more interesting chapter than the exploits of these submarines

in the Marmora. Their reprovisioning in petrol and torpedoes is a mystery to every one, though some believe it is carried on at night by hydro-planes.

The Germans are expecting a large increase in their own submarine strength. They ascribe recent inactivity to the thorough overhauling required after their long journey out. Their other ships too are disabled. The *Breslau* is still in dry dock alongside the *Goeben*, which has not stirred, and the *Torgout Reis* is under repair in the Golden Horn. The rows of steamers in port have thinned appreciably of late, for many have been sunk in the Marmora and the Black Sea. I doubt if they can round up more than a dozen now of any size.

In spite of the thousands of wounded who have again come in to choke the hospitals, the Turks remain confident over the Dardanelles, where Enver claims to have more than half destroyed the recent landing. They are worried, though, over Athens and Sofia, especially the latter. Little has transpired, but the current there now seems to favour the Entente. The two Bulgarian delegates, who were secretly negotiating here, have both left, and the agreement with Turkey, it is supposed, has come to nothing.

Aug. 18.—The last mission to Afghanistan

has failed as dismally as the first, and could never get beyond Bagdad. The two thousand pounds given each of its two members was always considered insufficient, and pan-Islamic dreams will need more to be awakened for German benefit. They are beginning to be somewhat alarmed over Bagdad, and the latest report is that Djemal has been requested to leave his Syrian Satrapy to drive the English from Mesopotamia.

There are reports of Turkish ill-success at the Dardanelles, and that officers at the War Office have said the news received was terrible. Also that Boulair had fallen. But it is all too vague, and responds more likely to the wishes of the sponsors. What I believe to be correct is the reason given why a few prisoners are now taken. The authorities, who winced a little under the reproach of massacring the wounded, offer now a medjid and a half, or five shillings, to every soldier who brings in a captive—the official estimate for the life of an Englishman.

The Armenian persecution is said to have been mitigated owing to the indignation provoked among Russophil Bulgars, who use it as a weapon to attack the Government; but that can hardly be true, and the deportations have now begun at Broussa. When Talaat

was asked to make an exception in favour of one family, he expressed surprise that they should have begun these ahead of his timetable. But he was in a very yielding mood, which is always a sign here of something going wrong, and excepted from the persecution Armenian Catholics and Protestants. Yet they stop even Armenian women from leaving the capital, and Haladjian, the one Armenian member of the outer-inner circle of the Union and Progress, who feasted them at banquets, has not yet been able to obtain permission to leave.

Cavalla is reported occupied by the English, and the Greeks are furious. The Serbians are now in a yielding mood over Macedonia, and one wonders what Bulgaria will do. Koloucheff denied to me that there was any change impending, and offered as proof the expected arrival of his wife and children. He had gone to the station the night before to meet them, but they were not on the train. One wonders if they will come.

Aug. 19.—The Greeks here are jubilant over the triumph of Venizelos, but the local press is not allowed to publish this, and the word passes only from mouth to mouth. There are insistent rumours of Bulgarian mobilization and her impending entry. The Turks are nervous, and the press silent. One detail is

significant. Mme. Koloucheff, who was expected, has now put off her arrival, while her husband said yesterday that the Bulgarian students at Robert College would not return, as they were needed for the army.

A row has broken out between the Sheikh-ul-Islam and Ismet Bey, the Prefect of the City, but the details are still obscure. It concerns the scarcity of bread, which is causing serious anxiety, and is directed against the sub-committee responsible for this, who are said to be making four thousand pounds daily. There was some idea of appointing Shukri, who already holds three portfolios, to investigate the matter, but he was himself implicated. The Sheikh-ul-Islam resigned, but Enver begged him to reconsider, and the affair is in suspense. Other matters, notably the Armenian persecution, came up as well, and some say that the Sheikh-ul-Islam demanded that this be put a stop to. There are also reports of peace talk in the Committee. Many believe that sooner or later the Dardanelles will be forced, and more favourable terms could now be obtained than later. Every one, of course, has his own version. But, save for the row, and the fact that it has had to do with foodstuffs, one knows nothing.

Aug. 20.—Garroni called this morning to

show his declaration of war, which he was about to hand to the Grand Vizier. Though he had personally given me every indication it was forthcoming, the matter has been kept a profound secret, and no one expected it now. The Declaration is based on the refusal of the Turks to live up to the recent agreement. They had prevented Italians from leaving the country, or coupled their departure with conditions which made this inadmissible; and, further, had sent officers to Lybia to stir up the tribes against them.

He returned to turn over Italian interests immediately after his visit to the Grand Vizier. The latter expressed regret on hearing of its contents, but exclaimed, "These are pretexts." He showed real surprise that the terms of the recent ultimatum had not been lived up to, and was himself in ignorance of the circumstances, for he is informed of nothing. We now have the Italians to watch over, with Russians and Montenegrins to add to all the others, British, French, Belgian, Serbian, and some of the Swiss—eight countries in all. We have had to arrange for Garroni's departure with a special train, but there are no difficulties this time. Both Bedri and Talaat called on him during the afternoon, for he is personally popular and deservedly liked by every one.

Aug. 21.—At eight o'clock this morning, after much wavering, Helene decided to leave with the Italians, who were going by special train. I encouraged her, as the immediate future is very uncertain, and if Bulgaria moves, we shall soon be besieged. Travelling now, she will have every comfort, and the opportunity for going is too good to be neglected.

At the station the scene was more like a wedding than a declaration of war. Every one was in good humour, including the Turks, who raised no difficulty, and had two squads of soldiers drawn up to salute the Ambassador who had just declared war on them. There was not the slightest indication of hostility on their part, nor was much emotion wasted on events, though Garroni administered kisses, and even I came in for two from Colonel M.

Garroni, who dreaded a hostile demonstration, was enchanted that it passed off so quietly. Not even the morning papers were allowed to speak of the new war, and it was only after he left that the *Moniteur* published a brief statement of his departure, inferring that it was a rupture of relations. But the crowd here is so callous that, unless organized, no manifestations would have taken place. The authorities were careful to explain their courtesy on the ground of sympathy for the person of the Ambassador,

but it is likely that their unfavourable situation is making them more polite—the Turks are always charming when beaten.

Returning to the Embassy, all the orders had to be given for sealing the various Italian and Russian buildings, where the Italian seals are now replaced by our own. Their Embassy will be entirely shut, their escutcheon covered, and their few remaining officials will now join the derelicts of the other belligerent missions in our chancery.

Aug 22.—The press here is not yet allowed to speak of war between Italy and Turkey, but calls it a rupture. Italy is, of course, instigated by England, and they bring up the fact that Sonnino's Christian name is "Sidney" as proof, while the King is led by his Montenegrin wife. The motive of war is to exercise pressure on the Balkan States at the turn of the tide, when they are about to declare themselves for the Central Powers. In reality, a man who has just come from Sofia, where he saw Radoslavoff, Ghenadieff, Guechoff, and Malinoff, brought back the impression that if Serbia yields Macedonia they will enter the field. Here they are very nervous over the prospect, and ready to give up Adrianople at once, but there is little confidence between the two, and Bulgaria could hardly wish to see a victorious Turkey.

R., who came to me with a letter of introduction, has only lately left the Russian front. With Entente sympathies, and a great liking for the individual Russian, his account of the utter disorganization of their army, the disorder and corruption in all their services, was the more convincing. There is a growing feeling of discontent to all this, and the war now bids fair to become national. Petrograd, many Russians thought, would fall, and he believed it would awaken the country. He related to me a sadly grotesque case of a large consignment of artillery munitions delivered by a French manufacturer at Moscow, which on arrival at the front was found to fit the German guns, but not the Russian. The manufacturer was brought up before the court-martial, but produced his order and specifications duly signed at the War Office!

Aug. 23.—The report of the poor Armenians driven from Ada Bazar is as sad as any of the narratives from the interior. They were first herded into cattle cars, where they were kept during the four or five days of the journey. Babies were born here, and mothers died. In utter despair some threw their children away. Arriving at Konia, which they had been told was to be the end of their misadventures, they sold their personal effects to buy food. But the

sale soon degenerated into a pillage, and a friendly Greek who tried to protect an Armenian woman from being looted was arrested by the police, who during the night raped the girls. Many of the women tried to give their children away to our missionaries, but this was soon stopped by order, and only Moslem families were authorized to take these. The deportees were ordered on. No food was given them, and most of them were literally soon starving to death. A railway conductor relates that the country beyond Konia is covered with their unburied corpses, while on every side men dying from hunger are seen. Their further emigration has now been stopped temporarily, not out of humanitarian sentiment, but because the line is needed for the transport of troops toward Mersine, where an Italian descent is feared. The Armenians, deprived of everything, are starving. Wealthy families of cultivated people, used to luxury, have at a moment's notice been reduced to beggary, and then tortured to death. This policy, which in Anatolia stops short of actual massacre, aims to extract every penny from a prosperous population, and then exterminates it by starvation and privation. The misery and suffering caused have been indescribable. One of the worst features is that the Moslem population,

notably at Konia, has never been fanatical, but lived on the friendliest relations with its Christian neighbours. They are now being made so by malignant lies about the Armenians, who are reported to have massacred thousands of Turks at Van.

Here in the capital, while as yet there have been no wholesale deportations, the arrests of Armenians are of daily occurrence, and none are allowed to leave the country. I heard of three who paid a hundred pounds apiece to one incorruptible official at the Porte, who pocketed the sum, but obeyed the regulation by then stopping their departure.

There is no real news from the Dardanelles, A hundred and thirty-five English prisoners have arrived here, and there must be thirty or more wounded in the hospitals—not two hundred in all of the ten thousand English missing! The medjid and a half apiece reward for them is of recent origin. The Turks are still confident, and hope that after they repulse another landing, further operations during the winter will be impossible. Liman is again reported in disgrace, because of having resigned himself to the loss of a strategic position; but a Turkish officer took the initiative and recaptured it at the cost of ten thousand men. Such, at least, is the Turkish version,

The Turks have invited the Austrian Government to undertake a vigorous offensive against Serbia in order to paralyze Bulgaria before she declares herself. The movement is said to be supported by the Germans.

Aug. 24.—At the Bulgarian Legation, Koloucheff denied the reported mobilization, or that any change was impending at Sofia. He reiterated what he has always stated, that the present crisis should not pass without Bulgaria obtaining Macedonia. If she obtained it from the Entente, she would march against Turkey; if not, he inferred she would seize it for herself. If the Entente remained unwilling to pay the price, they had only to take the Dardanelles for themselves, but this he declared impossible. The Turks still had an army of over 300,000 men in Europe, and were now turning out 4000 shells daily, while this output would soon increase—they were even making projectiles of large calibre. They had recaptured the heights of Anafarta, temporarily occupied by the English, and the latter, the Germans said, could now land 100,000 more men without changing matters. The Turks have lately sent 16,000 soldiers to Adrianople to intimidate the Bulgarians, but they were without artillery. He confirmed to me that they were also sending sixty or seventy thousand troops southward

for they expect an Italian landing near Adalia.

Koloucheff showed me a memorandum from the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, who complained bitterly of the persecution of his flock, and was base enough to distinguish the Catholic Armenians from the Gregorians, blaming the latter for their conduct, and almost justifying their extermination. His own people, he averred, were quite different, and would not even learn the Armenian tongue. Prince Hohenlohe has filed a note on the persecution, but I fancy it is only for purposes of German record. He has at last been received by the Sultan. His ambassadorial address, with its allusion to a "guerre scelerate" waged against the Central Powers, was surprising from one so moderate in appearance; but, I learn, it was written at Berlin.

At the Willebois I saw Admiral Souchow of the *Goeben*—a droop-jawed, determined little man in a long ill-fitting frock-coat, looking more like a parson than an admiral.

Aug. 25.—Three ships have arrived here—two colliers from Soungouldak and a small steamer, believed to have transported munitions from Roumania. Russian surveillance has let them slip by as on other occasions.

The Turks have announced enormous losses

of the English at the Dardanelles. In the last attack they are said to have left 5000 dead before a single division, and in the previous days they estimate the English loss at 26,000 dead and twice as many wounded. The Turkish count is already several times the number of the entire expeditionary force. Doubtless some advance has been made, and these losses are paraded in consequence. But the Turks remain confident. Von der Goltz remarked yesterday that they had 400,000 troops in Europe. He is about to establish his headquarters at Uzum Keupreu, the junction where one leaves the railway to go to the Dardanelles. Between there and Gallipoli the estimated number of Turkish soldiers is between 300,000 and 325,000. With interior lines, superior positions and numbers, no wonder they feel they can take care of the small reinforcements sent hitherto. Yet their losses have been enormous. I should say that 175,000 would not cover them.

The Porte is circularizing us about the brutal ill-treatment of the Turkish prisoners, who are said to be given only dry bread to eat at Mudros, and in certain instances to have been murdered by their guards out of sheer brutality. No one believes a word of it, but it is meant to excuse their own actions. At

the hospitals one can no longer see the wounded prisoners; not even the Ottoman Greek nurses are allowed in their wards; while the English and French ladies, who have hitherto been in voluntary attendance, are now dispensed with. As A. Bey, the most Anglophile of Turks, said to me, the English are to-day hated here worse than the Russians.

In the afternoon I went to the Bazaar, but found only some silver-gilt *zarfs* from Sultan Mahmoud's time. At S.'s shop I noticed a soldier who left there a basket of bread. S. explained that, as the soldier could obtain as much bread as he wanted, he bought it from him every day, paying one hundred paras an oke instead of sixty, the regular price. Afterwards I called on X. Khan, and we discussed the inherent obedience of the Turkish character. The Turkish nature is to do as ordered by the authorities, and it little mattered who these are, or what their orders may be. Spontaneous action on their part need never be expected. He contrasted this with the far greater individualism of the Persians. He was pessimistic as usual, realizing the hopelessness of all diplomacy. His remaining days, he said, he wished to devote to the study of biology in London. But he has no other foundation than his literary training in Persian and Arabic,

and things must get rather jumbled in his mind. What saves him is the refinement of his intelligence and his modesty.

Aug. 26.—In town the arrests of Armenians are proceeding. So far they have taken only those of provincial birth or whose fathers were not Constantinople-born. But it is a beginning, and if given time the whole Armenian population will probably share the same fate. They are first thrown into prison, and then deported, to be massacred or die of hunger in the interior after they have been robbed of all their belongings.

Yussuf Izeddin, alarmed at the general situation, has tried to leave for Europe under the pretext that he had to undergo an operation. But the Committee, although disliking him, is reluctant to see him go, and have so far placed obstacles in his way. The late Khedive has been summoned to return here at once, but as he has no intention of complying and remains at Lucerne, he is to be disavowed from this side as well. He has apparently made his peace with the English. His son, it is said, is to be sent to England for his education, and will reign after the present Sultan. Little by little all the Egyptian princes here, who at the start professed to be irreconcilable, will make their peace with the new Sultan. The late Khedive,

however, was not anti-English, according to the view taken here. If the Turkish expedition against Suez had been successful he would never have been left on the throne. His cousin, the Grand Vizier, detests him. He himself went to Berlin to ask Bethmann-Hollweg what his position would be; but the latter told him that Germany, though the ally of Turkey, had nothing to do with its internal affairs.

The wounded prisoners here are worse treated than before, and many of them are still without blankets or pillows. They have all been gathered at the Tash Kishlar hospital, and no one is now allowed to see them, much to the indignation of the Greek ladies, who have been unremitting in their attentions to the Turkish wounded. This is said to be a reprisal for the alleged bad treatment of the Turkish prisoners, about which they now profess indignation. News of this was brought here by a physician, who, returning from Egypt, declared that all prisoners there were nourished only on dry bread, and that even neutrals condemned their ill-treatment; but there have probably been other mischief-makers. It is a pity that the British Government did not have a systematic report drawn up at once regarding the prison camp, which we could have shown

the Turks. As it is, before an inquiry can be made there will be endless delay.

Aug. 27.—Dr. X. told me there was a noticeable deterioration in the condition of the wounded, both in moral and physique. They were older and weaker men than those who came at first, and more depressed. Enver, however, remains triumphant, and exults at the losses suffered by the English in the plains below Anafarta. He described their attacks, where “thousands” were mown down. The two hundred thousand men sent here in vain, he said, could have accomplished more in Flanders. The physique of the lately arrived English wounded prisoners has not been impressive, and compares unfavourably with that of the Turks. Several bank clerks from Manchester are among them.

M. Weyl, the Director of the Tobacco Regie, has had to leave the country. The Committee of National Defence asked to have the tobacco which the Regie sold to the army pass through its hands. But instead of selling it to the soldiers as stipulated, they did so in town at much higher profit. The army administration then pounced on the Regie on the ground that Weyl was a Frenchman, but he was able to clear himself by showing his new instructions. The National Defence people,

who were unmasked in their illicit trade, swore vengeance and denounced Weyl as a French spy. His house was searched without result, but he had to go, and the Turks will probably now try to seize the Regie for themselves.

Aug. 28.—The streets are full of military carts removing the bedding from hotels. So many wounded have lately arrived that there are no longer enough beds, and they have requisitioned one-third the number at every lodging-house. There are probably at least 35,000 wounded in the capital now, of whom two hundred are prisoners.

I have been trying to put a stop to the Russian "graft" here, now that their interests have come under our care. Evidences of it came out in the Russian Consulate, where the poor people were charged by their cavasses for our protection certificates, which are delivered free, on the ground that it was an American tax. Some of the examples of corruption are disgusting. Their accounts are kept in gold at one hundred piastres to the pound, but the poor wretches have received assistance in silver medjids, while unwittingly they give a receipt for the gold pound, which means a net gain of eight per cent. As if this were not enough, the cavasses in certain cases have been bleeding them a medjid for every pound of relief.

Suleyman Nazif, the dismissed Governor-General of Bagdad, is back here. He had given great satisfaction both among natives and foreigners. But one day a German officer asked him to attend to a matter at Zor. He replied that the place was outside his jurisdiction, whereupon the German told him insolently that he would report his refusal to assist. Suleyman Nazif then reminded him sharply that he wore a Turkish uniform, and as such was his subordinate, and forbade him ever again to enter his office. Shortly afterward he was himself dismissed.

Helene telegraphed to say she was returning from Dedeagatch. I wired her to wait till I could make the arrangements, and was busy trying all day, the difficulty arising because of her maid's French nationality. Enver is the only man who can give permission. I had Talaat telephoned to, who said jestingly that he was not pleased with me, and therefore did not wish Helene back, and still less her French maid, but finished by asking us to ring up his secretary, who would have the necessary wire sent to the frontier authorities. But the secretary, although knowing it was all right, dared not give the instructions till he saw Talaat himself, and the latter did not show up. At the Office of Public Safety, where the orders must

come from, they had heard nothing. This combination of red tape, absence of responsibility, and invisibility of the one or two who can alone issue orders, was irritating beyond belief. At half-past nine at night I wired Helene not to leave till the matter could be arranged, which might take several days, fearing lest she would be held up at the frontier.

Aug. 29.—At five this morning Helene walked into my room just as surprised at my not having met her at the station as I was to see her. She had begun to fret as soon as she left, and the attempts to console her by saying that Constantinople was no place for a woman and that there would soon be massacres made her all the more regretful to have gone. At the very last moment, when she was already on board the ship which the Italian Government had sent, she could stand it no longer and decided to return. She had never received my wires, and started on her journey unconcerned. By some fluke they let the maid pass, for the Turkish Consul had fortunately made an error by visaing her passport; but they subjected the maid to the strictest examination at the frontier, even feeling her hair lest she should be carrying papers concealed. Helene came back much impressed by the Turkish preparations along

the line. Everywhere trenches and gun-positions have been prepared. Everywhere too she saw soldiers on their way to the front.

S., who returned this morning from the Dardanelles, had little encouraging to say. The new landing of 100,000 men accomplished nothing save to extend the line. The first day they had rushed Hill 781 (Khodja Tchemen) which dominates the entire peninsula, but either because they did not hold it strongly enough, or had not time to organize the defence, the English were driven out again. A German colonel named Kannengiesser, gathering three divisions in reserve, led these to attack, and they conquered the steep hill at the point of the bayonet. The German officers, who are always inclined to disparage the Turks, spoke highly of their bravery that day. Two other crests, which had also been captured by the English on their first landing, have since been retaken, and the latter driven back to the protection of the guns of the fleet. The landing force is without other artillery as yet than machine guns and light field-pieces, and occupy the fringe of the waterless plain of Anafarta. All the commanding positions are held by the Turks, and these are in turn dominated by other ridges behind. He characterized the situation as hopeless, unless the English bring up two or three hundred

thousand more men. The Turks had never anticipated a landing at Suvla, because of the immense natural advantages of the defence. Since it has taken place they have improved these in a marvellous way. Thousands of men are at work every night, and in eleven days they had dug a communication trench three miles long, eight feet deep, and were now widening it for the passage of artillery. They had over two hundred machine guns, all served by Germans.

At Seddulbahr the situation was stationary. There were only 9000 French left there, who had suffered enormously from the enfilade fire poured in from Kum Kuleh. The Allies, he thought, had made a grave error in not occupying this point. At present the scene of fighting had entirely been transferred to Anafarta. He was disposed to criticize the English dispositions as amateurish. Attacks would be executed without co-operation, and units often found themselves cut off from each other. The losses had been enormous, especially up the Anafarta valley, where a double enfilade fire mowed down the attacks; 27,000 men lost was only a partial estimate.

A deluge of telegrams about the Italians fell on me from every region of the Empire. As usual Djemal's dispositions stand out in

relief by their brutality. Here and at Smyrna nothing forcible has as yet been attempted, but wherever he commands—at Mersine, Aleppo, Damascus, and Jerusalem—he proposes immediate deportation of all males to that fanatical hell-hole Ourfa. Many of the wires are six days old and have purposely been withheld; the measures may even now be under way.

Aug. 30.—The excitement over the Italians has for the time disappeared, for the deportation orders have been rescinded, and will not be carried out until Italy fires the first hostile shot. How long will that be? Meanwhile the city is beflagged for the victory at the Dardanelles, where 10,000 English are said to have been killed and twice as many wounded, while gossip has it that 800 officers were taken prisoners. But the official communiqué alludes only to the number of the dead, and is by no means specific in its detail. There are some here who think the victory a bluff, intended to mask the enormous Turkish losses, for the wounded are again arriving in vast numbers. There is no claim made to even a single British trench captured. Talaat to-day did not look like a man who had heard particularly cheering news.

What is certain is the departure from the Golden Horn of a new giant German submarine, the U 54, over two hundred feet long,

and with complete wireless apparatus. No one suspected its presence here, though I had heard some time ago that the Germans were awaiting an accession of submarine strength. There is also said to be a new English submarine in the Marmora, which had dived under the barrage in the Narrows. All Turkish navigation was stopped the other day for fear of it, but much-needed munitions have, I hear, been sent down on a hospital ship.

Aug. 31.—The U 54 turns out to be our old friend the U 51, with another number painted over it to give the impression of a newly arrived ship. The circumstances attending her departure were sufficiently public to lead one to suppose that there was reason for it. One hears more and more that the great victory at the Dardanelles was a bluff intended to conceal the loss of positions and men. There are even rumours that Essad Pasha, who commands at Ari Bournu, has been captured—but of this no confirmation.

Among the recent Armenian deportees was a very wealthy merchant, one Ipramazian, whose case was the more astonishing as he had been regarded as a personal friend of Talaat and Enver. Even Bedri expressed regret at being obliged to carry out the sentence against a man to whom he felt personally indebted.

The Turks had begun by requisitioning his merchandise for one hundred thousand pounds in value and then deported him. Next came official news of his death on August 10, and the authorities here placed seals over all his possessions. His brothers protested on the ground that their business was that of a firm and not an individual, when to their surprise they received a letter from him written on August 11, the day after his supposed official death!

The Germans here are jubilant over the supposed agreement with Bulgaria, which they affirm positively has now been concluded. Bulgaria and Germany are to attack Serbia from both sides at the same time, to force a free passage here, and the Bulgarians are to send siege guns and munitions to the Dardanelles. All Ententists were depressed when they heard this, but I know that the agreement is not yet signed, and doubt if it will be, though Germany is again straining every effort. Neurath, the German Councillor, has left for Sofia on this errand. Personally, I believe the Bulgarians are flirting with both sides to get their bids raised. Only a few months ago they were ready to come in with the Entente, if they could have been assured Macedonia, in spite of the pro-German sympathies of the

King and army. But the Russian reverses have made this too late. They will, I believe, stay neutral for the present, and through the threat of war try to obtain Macedonia and a bit of Thrace. They certainly cannot want a Germany supreme, a strong Turkey, and Austria as a next-door neighbour, while to stab Russia when she is down would be worse than treachery for a state which owes her its existence.

VI

SEPTEMBER

DISAPPOINTMENTS

Sept. 1.—To-day is the Sultan's birthday, and the town is once more beflagged. This is now a daily occurrence, though Turkish officers who lately arrived from the Dardanelles were at a loss to understand the reason of recent rejoicings; they knew of no victory there. The press publishes an exchange of telegrams between the German Emperor and Enver, conferring on the latter the "Pour le Mérite" for his defence at Gallipoli. But the telegrams are undated, and likely enough were addressed some time ago and served up warm for the occasion.

Sept. 2.—Bulgaria hopes to realize her ambitions through peace. Serbia is to be intimidated to yield Macedonia, not to be attacked, while Turkey, for the same reason, is to cede the right bank of the Maritza and something beside. Here they are almost glad to give up whatever is necessary, but signature

is still withheld at Sofia. The Greek Chargé d'Affaires believes it inevitable, and that Bulgaria will consent to the passage of German troops and munitions. A few months ago, he remarked, the Entente could have counter-balanced Bulgaria, if she had been hostile, by Roumania and Greece, but since the Russian reverses this is too late. The irony of the situation is that Russia herself prevented pressure being brought on her favourite child. Now, when she requires aid, her own defeats are used by Bulgaria against her. The Entente lost much precious time last winter. Half of what they are now willing to offer would then have swayed the Balkans into unanimity, and have long ago brought the Allies to Constantinople.

There is a report that the U 54 was badly damaged by a Turkish battery at Silivri, which opened fire by mistake, and that it will have to be towed back here. To mask this they are spreading the rumour that an English submarine ran aground, and will doubtless bring in the German boat under a false number, as though she were a captured prey. But rumours are mostly on the other side, and manufactured here thick and fast. One of the centres is the small room next to mine in the Chancery, where the dragomans of all the

belligerents sit and exchange fantastic tales; and another, on a lower scale, is the British Embassy garden, where Helene's French maid and a few other Ententists gather to discuss the occult news about which the censorship is silent.

I did hear that a fleet of sixty Italian transports was approaching the Dardanelles, which would not be surprising, as we have just received word to ask for the recognition of three Italian hospital ships. Their participation would have been wiser two months ago, for all this ground is now bristling with successive lines of defence. The Grand Vizier gives out that Garroni was in tears when he presented his declaration of war. The Grand Vizier, however, has made many funny statements, and again affirms that the war will be over in a few weeks. France is to be crushed as fully as Russia, and Turkey will enrich herself with enormous indemnities.

The Armenian persecutions are continuing in spite of remonstrances. The few Turkish officials who refused to carry them out, like Reshid Pasha at Castamouni, and Suleyman Nazif at Bagdad, have been dismissed. A Turkish friend related to me that at Ismidt, when the deportations began, the Armenian Bishop, dressed in all his vestments, headed

his flock chanting the hymn which Moses is supposed to have sung when he led the Children of Israel out of Egypt.

At Beirut, an Arab plot to establish Syrian independence under English protection has been discovered, and thirteen notables, including a deputy, were hanged, while sixty were condemned by default. I have only heard this vaguely from a Turkish source. Our Consuls are no longer permitted to write in sealed envelopes, and half the letters are not delivered, while our official wires are retarded a week. I never received any one of the three letters Helene wrote me from Dedea-gatch, nor did she either of my two urgent telegrams.

From the Dardanelles news is scarce. There are 17,000 fresh wounded, and as there is no more room in town, they are fitting out the barracks at Daoud Pasha to receive them. Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse are once more emptied of troops. The last have been dispatched to the front. There are again insistent reports that Bagdad has fallen, also Bitlis and Moush.

Sept. 3.—An explanation given me of the recently announced victory at Anafarta, is that the Turks were quaking lest the new landing should bring their resistance to an end, and

had even prepared a proclamation to the population here inviting those who wished to leave the capital. As the British attack was only partly successful, it was at once construed into a victory for the Turks. I now hear that five of the famous Austrian 30.5 guns have arrived, and are being dispatched to the front. They had long been expected.¹ If true, it proves that Bulgaria has made her terms with Turkey, and with the free passage of munitions the Dardanelles defence can be indefinitely sustained; but one hears that the islands are teeming with British reinforcements.

There has been a row between the Germans and the Turks at Zeitoun Bournu, the chief arms factory, accompanied by bloodshed, and all work has for the time been suspended. But Krupp workmen are daily arriving, and before long they should be able to dispense with most of the native element. Sixty-three came yesterday. More and more the Germans are tightening their grip here, and so long as the war lasts they will be welcome.

Sept. 4.—There are now a thousand German workmen here, and wherever there is a lathe

¹ Although the large Austrian howitzers arrived, their use at the Dardanelles was not found practicable owing to the narrow roads. The largest field guns used by the Turks are said to have been 24-centimetre howitzers.

they are making munitions. They have set up factories at Smyrna, Eski-Chehir, and elsewhere in the interior, but the output is still inadequate, and the Dardanelles problem, so far as we see it, centres around this. If the report is true of heavy guns now passing through Roumania and Bulgaria, it will be well-nigh impossible to reduce the defences. We are without news from there in the last five days, though I did hear that, in the last battle, if a German officer had not arrived with machine guns in the nick of time, the English would have gained an important victory.

I passed four English prisoners yesterday in the street, and wanted to call out to them in English to be of good cheer, but feared it would do them harm, and contented myself with smiling. They are better treated now at the hospital, though still without blankets; but the announced visit from the Embassy has been useful in securing improvement. The Turks, however, insist that their own prisoners in Egypt are treated like animals, and the British Government would have been better advised if they had had a report of their condition drawn up by some one from our Agency there, which we could then have paraded, instead of sticking to vague generalizations. The rumours of individual ill-treatment of prisoners have done a

good deal of harm to those of the Entente here. Thus a German transport officer, Colonel Bischoff, maintains that his son, who was a civilian at Birmingham, was imprisoned for months on a diet of dry bread and water, salt-fish and milk, and suffered grave hardship.

The Turco-German claim of having torpedoed the transport *Southlands* was based on intercepting a wireless message from the ship calling for help. We had first attributed this to the U 54, but she lies damaged in the Golden Horn from the fire of a Turkish battery. The published sinking in the Marmora of an English submarine with all its crew is a downright lie. One was reported stranded off Silivri, but when they sent down there it had already vanished. Official lies are published to conceal the general restlessness. There are persistent rumours of a great Turkish defeat in the Caucasus, and of Erzeroum falling. Further to the south the Kurds are in open revolt, while the English are now quite close to Bagdad. With their readiness to cede the greater part of Thrace, the Turks have so far gathered little from the war beyond German decorations.

Sept. 5.—The reports of a severe Turkish defeat on the Eastern front continue. The Russians are said to be not only at Bitlis and

Moush, but even at Erzingian, over a hundred miles west of Erzeroum. Twelve thousand Turks are rumoured as massacred, and the German headquarters is unable to obtain reply from its general staff there. So rapid a Russian advance is incredible, but there may well have been local revolts of Kurds, while the Armenian volunteers, who fight with the courage of despair, have perhaps gained real success.

In the afternoon we drove out to the mosaic mosque, only to find it sealed and used by the military for a storehouse. The museum has also been closed, and the famous sarcophagi lie imbedded in a yard of sand. The smaller objects of value from the museum and palace have long ago been sent to Konia. Most of the mosques now are barracks, for a new crop of soldiers is being turned out, and I was surprised to note the good physique and appearance of those I saw marching in the streets. They are armed with Martinis—evidently the supply of Mausers is exhausted.

They have requisitioned all the stone-cutting and wood-sawing machinery used for the construction of the new Italian Embassy. It can serve the military no possible purpose save that of sale, which is sufficient. Only lately they seized most of the stock of lime belonging to a building concern. They left

only a little; but when a local builder was asked the regular price for this he refused it, saying he could buy the same from the War Office at half cost where they sold what they requisitioned. They are even taking the few tons of coal left at the Russian Embassy.

A new order enjoins all belligerent subjects in Constantinople to be indoors at nine in the evening, and not to stir without police sanction. Those attached to our Embassy are naturally indignant, for the police maintain they are included in this.

Sept. 6.—I hear they are bringing up artillery to the monastery at Prinkipo, and placing more guns above Dolma Bagtche,¹ which looks as if they might be preparing for the fall of the Dardanelles; but it must be a long way off.

The *Goeben*, *Hamidié*, and a torpedo boat left for the Black Sea to escort three expected colliers. Also three barges full of munitions have been torpedoed beyond Chekmedje. But now that the E 7 has been caught in a net the Germans maintain that only one submarine remains in the Marmora.

At the Porte they admit a defeat near Erzeroum, where a force of 20,000 men was cut to pieces. At Erzingian, as I had

¹ The Sultan's Palace.

suspected, there was a Kurdish rising, but the Turks say it has now been suppressed. More than before there is a feeling of general unrest, which has at least given the Armenians some respite after the last massacre at Angora. Since Ahmed Riza memorialized against their persecution he is more than ever an object of suspicion.

Yesterday the police expelled the Italian parish priest of St. Peter's from his church at Yedi Koulé. The priest went to Bedri to ask permission at least to remove the Holy Sacrament. Bedri, who had never heard of this, asked what it was, and when told it was bread exclaimed, "Decidedly no. We need all the bread we can get." The new order, forcing all belligerents to be indoors at nine, has been applied even to the poor Italian musicians who are deprived of their livelihood, but Bedri puts it very frankly, "We want them to starve." When requested to make exceptions for the enemy diplomats attached to our Embassy, he said the regulation was specially aimed at these.

In the afternoon I went to see the library of Emiri Effendi, a courtly old Turk, who lives in squalor to save his money to buy books, and prefers his cushions on the floor to the comfort of chairs. I saw his extraordinary collection

of manuscripts which had belonged to the great Sultans and bore their seals. He is himself the author of a work on the poetry of the early Sultans, and with a total income of ten Turkish pounds a month, saves enough to increase his collection. He showed me some exquisite Persian miniatures from the brush of Uzun Osman, the court painter of Suleyman the Magnificent, which exceeded in refinement and grace even Western missals like the Grimani Breviary. One miniature depicted Selim the Grim with his favourite preceptor. But many were unfortunately effaced by fanatical Moslem hands, who refused to tolerate the painted image. He had also a prized ancient manuscript on tulips, describing 1500 varieties, and what he valued above all was an ancient encyclopædia by a Turki from Kashgar, written, he said, nine hundred years ago, in which there is a cosmography mentioning America. He gave me a copy of this, lately published in reproduction by the Ministry of Public Instruction.

Returning from the cinema at night we saw, passing in the street, some two thousand Arabs, freshly arrived for military service from their villages in the desert. They were still in their native rags and passed silently in the darkness like figures from the Bible.

Sept. 7.—The agreement with Bulgaria, I am told confidentially, was signed last night. In return for neutrality Bulgaria obtains the right bank of the Maritza, later she may invade Serbia contemporaneously with Germany. The agreement is to be kept secret till published in Sofia. So much for its public clauses. Its secret ones will remain in the dark, but doubtless include the passage of munitions. I heard that only lately when a train of three hundred cars of these arrived at the Bulgarian frontier they allowed two hundred to pass on condition that the remainder should be given them for their own army. Without German munitions the Dardanelles defence could not last a month, for they can only turn out here about five hundred 6-inch shells a day. Koloucheff, however, emphatically denied to me the existence of any agreement. He said one had some time ago been discussed over the railway, but this had fallen through. Yet two Bulgarian generals, Ivanoff and Kovacheff, are here presumably for this purpose. We shall know eventually, but the situation looks bad for the Entente, and with 300,000 Turkish troops at the Dardanelles Koloucheff maintains these are impregnable. The Turks have one considerable advantage in being able to rest their divisions when tired, which becomes more

difficult for the Allies. On the other hand, I am told that only 20 per cent. of the Turkish wounded are able to be sent back to the front, whereas in Germany the proportion is 78 per cent. But here the lack of first aid and the habit of the soldiers to dress their wounds with dirty clothes or handkerchiefs is responsible for many tetanus cases.

Three large colliers were torpedoed by the Russians on their way here, and the *Hamidié*, which had gone to escort them, returned injured. But they must have some supply of coal, for they are going to open the gasworks again to obtain coke which they need for munitions. There is an embargo on many articles and an export tax on others, such as wool, which is now in great demand in Germany. Enver lately gave a friend of his permission to export free 300,000 okes of wool. The friend sold two-thirds of this right for £T10,000. Money is made rapidly these days. Turks say that Ismail Hakki, the Under-Secretary at the War Office, who is in charge of requisitions and commissariat, has acquired an enormous fortune, but this may be calumny. The soldiers are certainly well fed for the first time in Turkish history.

Sept. 8.—I hear that the agreement with Bulgaria also stipulates for the free passage of

German troops, and promises 150,000 Mausers to the Turks, of which they are in great need. After the war, the Bulgars are to receive the Enos-Midia line once more. For the present they are staking everything on German victory, for Russia, as many Bulgarians realize, cannot soon forgive such treachery. The retreat from the Carpathians has been fatal to Entente hopes in the Balkans, but military ill-success has been aided by incompetent diplomacy.

The Turks are a little nervous over the Italian expedition, and Enver's departure for Smyrna may not be unconnected with such fears. They are moving the treasury once more, this time from Konia to Angora, for fear of a sudden raid. I hear there are now nearly half a million Allies in this neighbourhood—190,000 at the Dardanelles, 220,000 in the Islands, and 60,000 in Egypt. But unfortunately the officers of the new army are inexperienced. The recent landing, where they took the Turks entirely by surprise, was jumbled by the ignorance of officers, who lost touch with their units. For twenty-four hours they saw no Turkish force. They had things their own way, and could have occupied any points. But the muddle was apparently beyond description.

They are very sore here at F., who was

allowed to go the front as correspondent on condition that he would publish nothing not passed by the Censor. But he was hardly out of the country before he related all he had seen, and the result is that the Turks had to take new dispositions, and that no more American newspaper men will be allowed down.

A bomb was thrown at Hadji Adil, the Governor of Adrianople, which killed his daughter. A Turkish friend told me he believes this marks the beginning of a new era of violence, and other attempts will now be made. He is frankly pessimistic, like most better-class Turks, and foresees the ruin of his country. In the event of the Allies' success, he thinks, before they reach here, there will be a general massacre and pillage of the belligerents, but no two opinions are alike on this point.

In the recent Turkish defeat at Khaniz, near Erzeroum, the regiments of gaol-birds are said to have been totally destroyed. When all the convicts here were pressed into the army, Talaat congratulated himself on this. "If they are killed," he said, "I render a service to humanity. If they kill Russians, they render one to Turkey."

Sept. 10.—A commission has been appointed to consider the seizure of property of the

French and English residents here, as a reprisal against the damage suffered by bombardment, in order to indemnify the sufferers. If they have time it will probably be carried out and provide a novel form of confiscation. Elsewhere the military authorities are laying hands on whatever they can, and the new Italian Embassy building is being systematically looted of everything—even window-fittings and door-handles are taken.

A supposed cessation of the Armenian persecution had caused some who were in hiding to show themselves. To-day all Russian Armenians have been arrested, and there is fresh consternation. They are to be dispatched to Konia to-morrow. At 11 p.m. the Russian Attaché, who, in common with the other belligerents here, is no longer allowed out at night after nine, wrote me to do something for one of the Russian dragomans, who is probably included by mistake, but who will with difficulty be released if deported. They are going ahead systematically with the Armenian repression, and nothing stops their madness. Djavid, although a prominent member of the Union and Progress, is convinced that Enver and Talaat are ruining the country. It is odd to see with what scorn both Germans and Austrians talk of the Turks, and especially of the wicked

incompetence of those in power. If they do this as allies, what will it be afterward? An Austrian colleague told me to-day he saw the immediate future of Turkey in the blackest colours.

Sept. 11.—Rahmi, the only Union and Progress man who has distinguished himself honourably, is now here from Smyrna, where all appreciate him as Vali, to protest against the Armenian measures, and state his personal unwillingness to enforce them. He is a "dunmeg,"¹ as are Djavid, Tahsin at the Ministry of Finance, who is a fairly capable official, and also Kiani, the Governor of Pera, all moderate men. But the purely Turkish element is insistent in its cry of Turkey for the Turks, and although Halil, the President of the Chamber, told Prince Hohenlohe that he was personally against the persecution, he lied. The Germans have made up their mind that they will be held in part responsible for it, but they have prepared a good paper record of notes and protests, to show how they tried to save the Armenians.

Communications have stopped between Austria and Roumania, to prevent the leakage of news while military movements are in progress, and Pallavicini, who is leaving for Vienna, will have to cross the frontier in a

¹ Moslems from Salonica of Jewish origin.

motor-car, which the Austrian Government is sending for him. All the talk here is about the new Austro-German offensive against Serbia, while Bulgaria is to attack her from the south. Koloucheff still denies everything, except the Macedonian ambition, but other Bulgarians here say that as the Entente did not make the necessary offers in time, which meant before the Russian reverses, they had to turn toward the Central Powers, and their agreement obliges them to allow the free transit of troops and munitions. The hour is tragic both for Serbia and for England. If ever the Germans come through here before the English the Dardanelles will never be forced. One wonders if every effort will not be made before it is too late. Up to the beginning of March 50,000 good troops could probably have occupied the peninsula. Now it will require at least 200,000 more men, for the Turks are sending reinforcements in daily dribbles.

Enver has gone down to the Cilician coast to inspect the preparations of defence against the Italians, for they anticipate a landing there; but in spite of rumours and the Italian request to the Porte some ten days ago for the recognition of three hospital ships, no one knows if their expedition has even embarked.

Sept. 12.—I visited with G. Bey the Evkaf

Museum, closed since the war. Many of the more precious objects have been removed to Konia, and now to Angora, but enough remains to make it a unique collection of Islamic art, housed in a kind of Turkish San Marco, built by the great architect Sinan, whose tomb is close by. G. Bey was full of his recent call on Medjid, the most intelligent of the princes. Yussuf Izeddin is half demented, but the next in line, Vahideddin, is a miniature Abdul Hamid, with a will of iron and a hatred of the Committee. Like all Turks one meets, G. Bey at once asked me for news. They know nothing of what goes on, save their own communiqués, and the most startling rumours circulate in consequence, for they disbelieve their Government's stories.

In Stamboul, near the Sublime Porte, I bought some Turkish post-cards—one of the Sultan as the liberator of Asia and Africa, the other a reproduction of a Mutiny picture, where Sepoys are blown from the mouth of cannon—this to give the Turkish soldiers an idea of how the English treat their prisoners. Doubtless the Germans brought here a photograph of the original, for they have done their best to stir up hatred. At the German Embassy they are not even allowed to associate with neutrals unless certain of their sympathies. Mme. von

W. rebels, but submits to the injunction, which forbids her coming to our house. She told me herself that she is constantly being warned against us. The Germans here maintain their own clan and associate with no one else, not even the Austrians, who are far more sociable and mix freely.

X. Bey showed me a remarkable passage from the Memoirs of the Duc de Raguse, Napoleon's marshal, written a hundred years ago.

“ Il y a aussi une circonstance qui peut précipiter la chute de l'empire turc, c'est le concours imprudent et l'arrivée intempestive de prétendus amis, qui, sous le prétexte de le secourir et d'assurer une indépendance qui est devenue impossible, y ameneront la guerre, feront naître infailliblement les événements que l'on redoute et hâteront une catastrophe, que l'on voudrait prévenir, et que l'on ne pourra éviter.”¹

Sept. 13.—A day of unrest and rumours. The Turks are apprehensive. Enver and

¹ “ There is a further contingency as well which may precipitate the fall of the Turkish Empire, namely, the rash aid and inopportune arrival of supposed friends, who, under the excuse of assisting it to secure an independence which has become impossible, will plunge it into war, and undoubtedly bring about the events which one fears and hasten a catastrophe one would like to prevent and can no longer avoid.”

Talaat, it is said, have both sent their harems into Asia Minor and the Orient Bank its gold. Talaat has said that all belligerents here are to be interned, and no one is to be allowed out at night after nine. What are we coming to? Helene is most anxious, and, as we have to go, Pallavicini advises us to leave as soon as possible before we are cut off. The new offensive against Serbia may interrupt all communications.

Sept. 15.—Departure.

The writer left Constantinople on September 15, his departure being hastened by the news of impending mobilization in Bulgaria. He had only time to accompany to England his wife, whose health had suffered seriously under the strain of events at Constantinople. A week later he was obliged to leave in all haste for Sofia to take charge of the American Legation there. While Serbia was being overrun and the Allied forces had landed at Salonica, the Dardanelles ceased to be the primary objective on the South-Eastern Front, Even at Sofia, where all interest was then centred on the Serbian campaign, its echoes were not often heard.

The mid-winter evacuation of the Dardanelles terminated the enterprise more successfully than could have been anticipated. The Turks, taken entirely by surprise, claimed the customary victory, and their bulletins chronicled as trophies the wrecked motor-cars left behind. By a final touch of irony the unfortunate Armenians and Greeks in Constantinople who had awaited the coming of the Allies were obliged to hold commemorative services to "celebrate" the departure of those whom they had hoped so ardently to welcome as liberators.

THE END

*The Best Books for the Mothers and Wives of Soldiers
For their Sisters, Fathers and Sweethearts
And also for the Soldiers Themselves*

A Student in Arms

First Series

Second Series

By DONALD HANKEY

(Killed in Action October, 1916)

The Editor of the *London Spectator* put their spirit into a nutshell when he said, "One rises from the Student's books with a sense that man is, after all, a noble animal and that, though war may blight and burn, it reveals the best side of human nature and sanctifies as well as destroys."

Scores of war books have told what war does to the bodies of men. These books are concerned with what war does to their minds and souls.

They show that the trenches and the battle line and the fighting demand and bring out the best a man has in mind and soul as well as the best he has in muscle and nerves. Leading critics have said of them:

"Deserves a place beside Mr. Britling."

"Bursting with the things we all want to know."

"Wholesome and fine and human."

"Will comfort the mothers of soldiers."

The books are particularly valuable for army and navy officers and for Y. M. C. A. workers. For the man in the ranks there could be no better gift than these two books, for they set a high standard for him and give him an inspiring example. His friends and relatives at home will find that these books hearten and comfort.

Each \$1.50 net, with portrait

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

*The Truest Book Yet Written about the World War. The
First Entirely True Book Ever Written about War.
As Terribly True as Verestchagin's Paintings*

Under Fire (LE FEU)

By HENRI BARBUSSE

Translated from the French by FITZWATER WRAY

The most humorous and the most human account of the war and of the men who are fighting. Humor, grim or whimsical or genial, vivifies its pages.

This book won in Paris the Goncourt Prize for the best work published in France last year. It has sold in France more than 300,000 copies, and an American lately returned from that country says that literally every one there who reads has read and is talking about it.

For America it has the same message and the same interest it has for France.

"This novel is epic in proportions," says the *New Republic*. "It reduces Mr. Britling's Intellectual Reactions to insignificance."

Says the *London Observer*: "Some unknown man of genius, who calls himself Fitzwater Wray, has translated the supreme novel of the war and here it is in its divine sublimity of truth, undraped, and unbedizened. I do not hesitate to put it on the shelf beside Urquhart's 'Rabelais' or Fitzgerald's 'Omar,' for it is in my mind already a classic. If any book could kill war this is that book."

\$1.50, net

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

A Crusader of France

Letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont

(Killed in action, 1915)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

G. FREDERIC LEES

With a Preface by HENRY BORDEAUX

A book of extraordinary beauty and winning personality, well entitled to be called the French "Student in Arms."

"They will be read," says Henry Bordeaux in comparing these letters to the Journal and Correspondence of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, "for many a long year for their sincerity, their familiar and provincial flavor, their profound intimacy, their feeling for Nature, their religious fervor. But there is something new in their accent. Death straddles over them as the arch of a bridge over running water. Within the curve a fragment of heaven is reflected and the water shivers."

Net \$1.50

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

*The Inspiration of the German People when
they awake from their present Nightmare.*

The Coming Democracy

By HERMANN FERNAU

An examination, searching and merciless, of Germany's mediæval dynastic and political system, by the author of "Because I Am a German," and a demand for reforms which all civilized countries of the world have enjoyed for decades.

"The book is one of the most important which the war has produced."—*The Spectator*.

"We recommend the book to every serious reader as one of the foremost books of universal and permanent value thus far inspired by the great war."—*New York Tribune*.

"A most remarkable book, an incisive summary of the entire Teutonic situation, a book whose conclusions are identical with President Wilson's reply to the Pope."—*Newark Evening Call*.

Net \$2.00

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

The German Republic

BY

WALTER WELLMAN

How is the Great War to end?

What is to come after the war?

What is the "Irresistible Force now shaping the thoughts of the German people"?

Here is a book that offers a sane and commonsense solution to Europe's terrible problem.

It is a book of vision, a book of creative thought, which may make history and is sure to influence the minds and imaginations of thousands.

Net \$1.00

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

THE MOST HUMAN BOOK OF THIS MOST
INHUMAN WAR

In the Claws of the German Eagle

BY

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

Special War Correspondent for *The Outlook*

Some winced and cried aloud, others turned white with terror, still others laughed defiant to the end. Caught in the Claws, the author shared with these fellow prisoners the torments of trial as a spy by the German Military Court in Brussels.

Humor brightens the book where is described the faking of war photographs, and eternal romance lifts you above the red reek in the tale of the American girl the author aided in her search for her officer lover.

Net \$1.50

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

340.9

Ei 67

Einstein

Inside Constantinople.

179125

Form 47

940.9

Ei 67

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LIBRARY

Harrisburg

179125

In case of failure to return the books the borrower agrees to pay the original price of the same, or to replace them with other copies. The last borrower is held responsible for any mutilation.

Return this book on or before the last date stamped below.

